

PDC

MAY
no.2

1948

CRIME

AND

PUNISHMENT

10¢

CRIME
DOES NOT
PAY

OBEY THE LAW

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER - CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

TRUE
CRIMINAL CASE
HISTORIES!

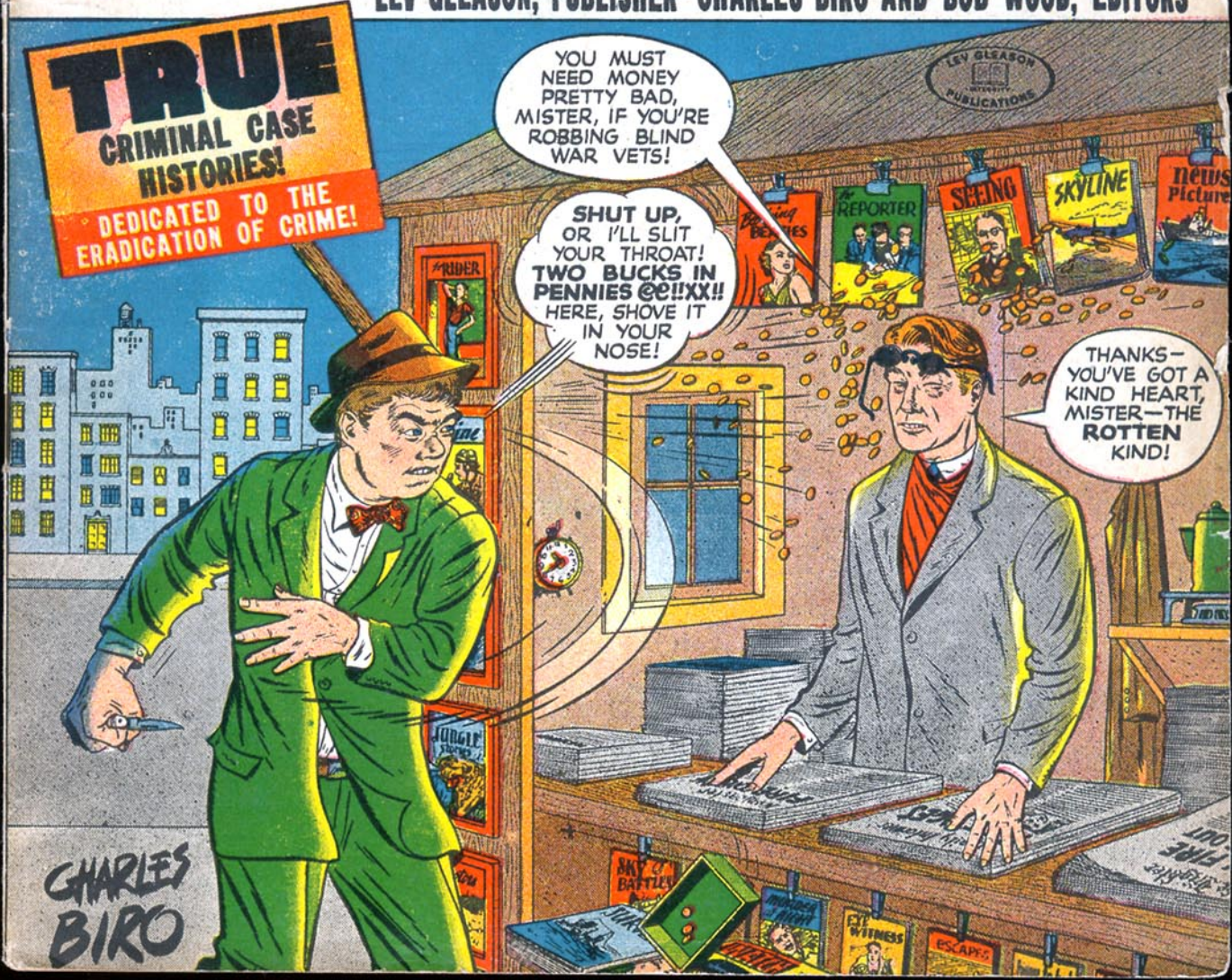
DEDICATED TO THE
ERADICATION OF CRIME!

YOU MUST
NEED MONEY
PRETTY BAD,
MISTER, IF YOU'RE
ROBBING BLIND
WAR VETS!

SHUT UP,
OR I'LL SLIT
YOUR THROAT!
TWO BUCKS @!!XX!!
HERE, SHOVE IT
IN YOUR
NOSE!

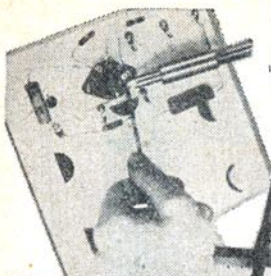
THANKS—
YOU'VE GOT A
KIND HEART,
MISTER—THE
ROTTEN
KIND!

CHARLES
BIRO





WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



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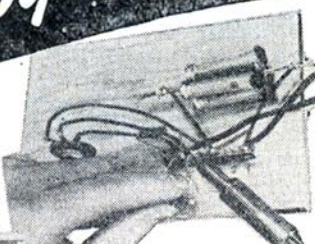
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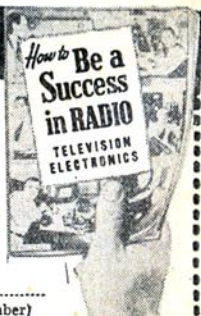
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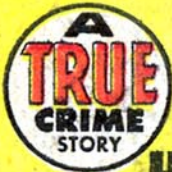


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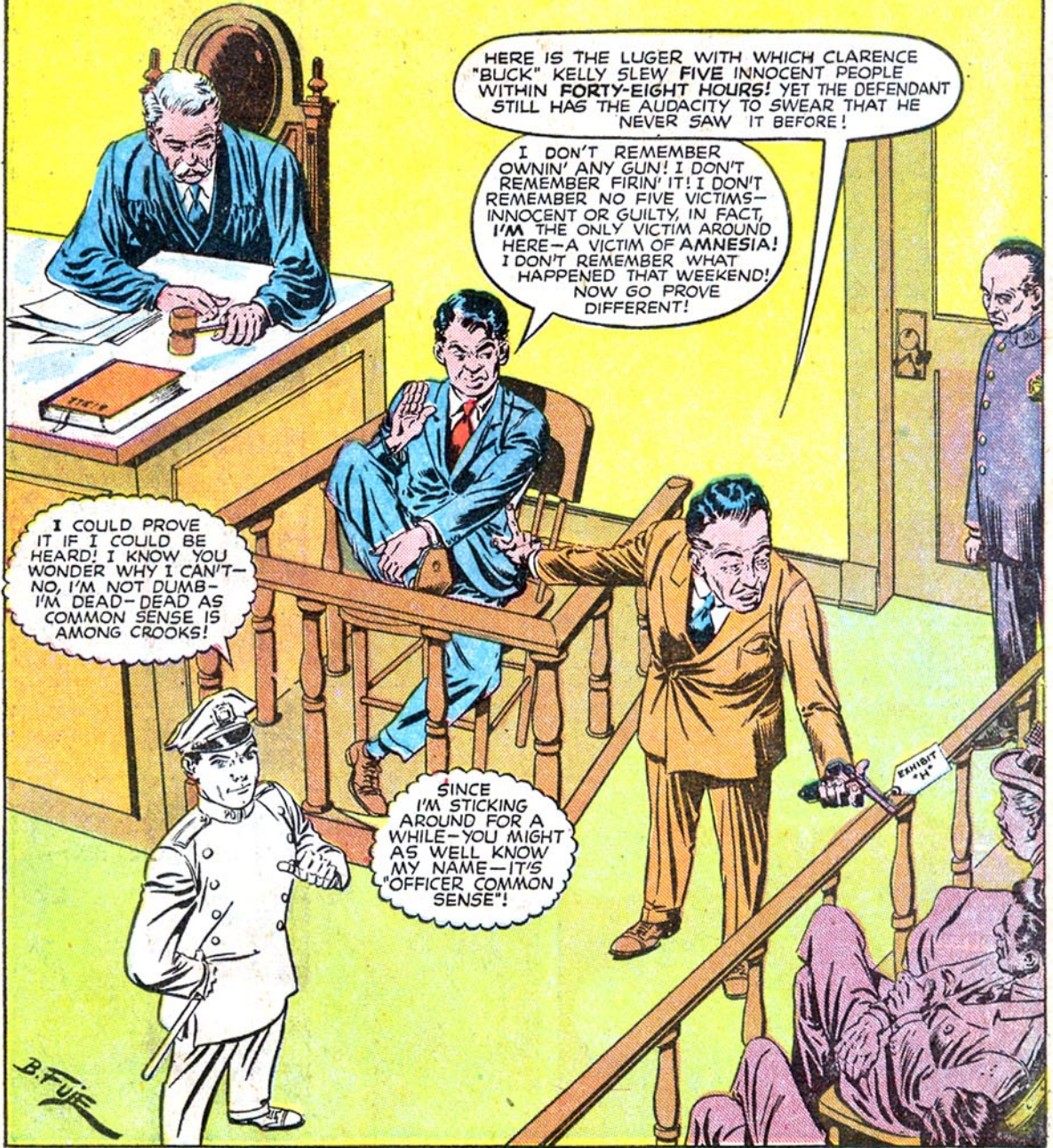
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DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF CRIME



BUCK KELLY *"the TOUGH GUY"*

HIS STOOGES "GOT THEIR CHOICE" OF THE NOOSE, OR BUCK'S WRATH!



HERE IS THE LUGER WITH WHICH CLARENCE "BUCK" KELLY SLEW FIVE INNOCENT PEOPLE WITHIN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS! YET THE DEFENDANT STILL HAS THE AUDACITY TO SWEAR THAT HE NEVER SAW IT BEFORE!

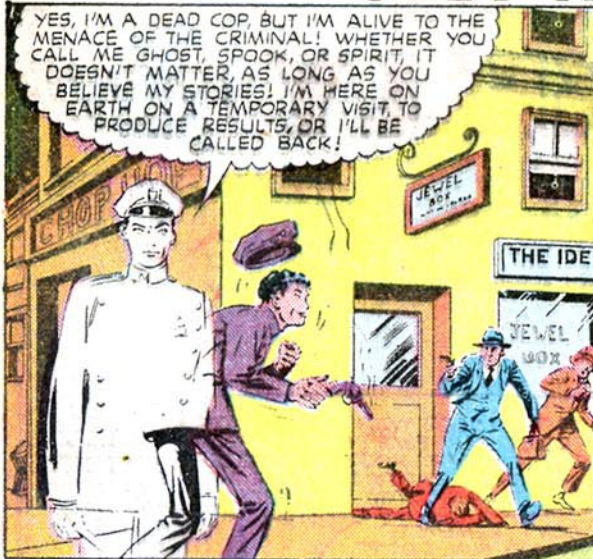
I DON'T REMEMBER OWNIN' ANY GUN! I DON'T REMEMBER FIRIN' IT! I DON'T REMEMBER NO FIVE VICTIMS—INNOCENT OR GUILTY, IN FACT, I'M THE ONLY VICTIM AROUND HERE—A VICTIM OF AMNESIA! I DON'T REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED THAT WEEKEND! NOW GO PROVE DIFFERENT!

I COULD PROVE IT IF I COULD BE HEARD! I KNOW YOU WONDER WHY I CAN'T—NO, I'M NOT DUMB—I'M DEAD—DEAD AS COMMON SENSE IS AMONG CROOKS!

SINCE I'M STICKING AROUND FOR A WHILE—YOU MIGHT AS WELL KNOW MY NAME—IT'S "OFFICER COMMON SENSE"!

B. F. UJE

OBEY THE LAW



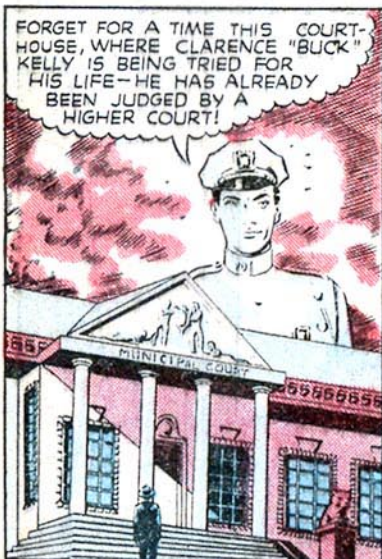
YES, I'M A DEAD COP, BUT I'M ALIVE TO THE MENACE OF THE CRIMINAL! WHETHER YOU CALL ME GHOST, SPOOK, OR SPIRIT, IT DOESN'T MATTER, AS LONG AS YOU BELIEVE MY STORIES! I'M HERE ON EARTH ON A TEMPORARY VISIT TO PRODUCE RESULTS, OR I'LL BE CALLED BACK!



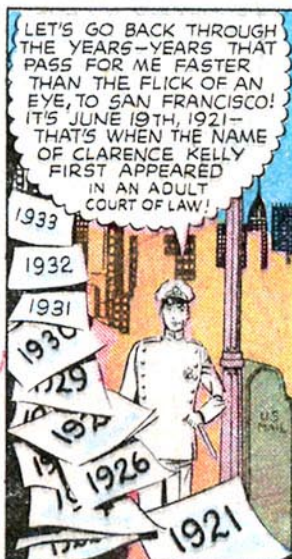
IT'S OBVIOUS THAT I'M PHYSICALLY OF NO USE TO THE LAW, BUT MY SPIRIT WILL FIGHT CRIME TILL THE FIRST LOUD CHEER OF AMERICA'S ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FOUR MILLION VOICES ECHOS THE END OF BAD IN MEN!



I KNOW A MILLION CASES—AND EVERY ONE PROVES THE FUTILITY OF JEALOUSY, GREED AND HATE—THE INGREDIENTS OF CRIME! I WILL REVEAL EACH TERRIBLE STORY BEFORE YOUR ASTONISHED EYES! IF EVERY ONE BELIEVES ME, PERHAPS THERE WILL BE NO NEED FOR COPS TO DIE ONE DAY!



FORGET FOR A TIME THIS COURT-HOUSE, WHERE CLARENCE "BUCK" KELLY IS BEING TRIED FOR HIS LIFE—HE HAS ALREADY BEEN JUDGED BY A HIGHER COURT!



LET'S GO BACK THROUGH THE YEARS—YEARS THAT PASS FOR ME FASTER THAN THE FLICK OF AN EYE, TO SAN FRANCISCO! IT'S JUNE 19TH, 1921—THAT'S WHEN THE NAME OF CLARENCE KELLY FIRST APPEARED IN AN ADULT COURT OF LAW!



IS THIS THE MAN THAT'S CAUSING ALL THE COMMOTION? DID YOU FINGER-PRINT HIM?

YES, SERGEANT—WITH SOME TROUBLE, I MIGHT ADD! KELLY SAYS HE'S INNOCENT—LIKE A BABE IN ARMS, HE SAYS!

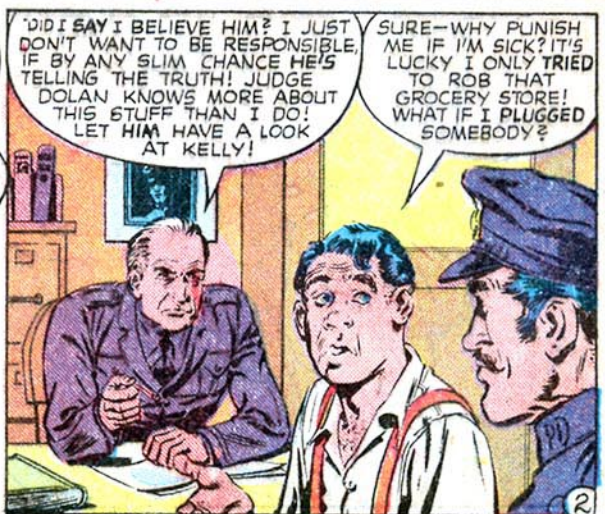
IT'S MY HEADACHES—I GET THE AWFULLEST PAINS HERE—IN THE BACK OF MY EAR! WHEN I TAKE A FEW DRINKS THE PAINS GO AWAY! THEN, THE FIRST THING I KNOW, I'M IN DUTCH! THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED—HONES!



SHOW ME WHERE IT HURTS, KELLY, AND HOW OFTEN DO YOU GET ER...THESE PAINS?

VERY OFTEN—ONCE MY HEAD FELT LIKE IT WAS COMIN' OFF! I WET MY WHISTLE LIKE I ALWAYS DO! OF COURSE I PASS OUT, AN' WHERE DO YOU THINK I AM WHEN I OPEN MY EYES—ON A CATTLE BOAT BOUND FOR RIO!

BELIEVE THAT, SARGE, AN' I'LL TELL YOU ONE!



'DID I SAY I BELIEVE HIM? I JUST DON'T WANT TO BE RESPONSIBLE, IF BY ANY SLIM CHANCE HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH! JUDGE DOLAN KNOWS MORE ABOUT THIS STUFF THAN I DO! LET HIM HAVE A LOOK AT KELLY!

SURE—WHY PUNISH ME IF I'M SICK? IT'S LUCKY I ONLY TRIED TO ROB THAT GROCERY STORE! WHAT IF I PLUGGED SOMEBODY?

OBEY THE LAW

KELLY, YOU'RE A LIAR! NOTHING IN YOUR STORY CORRESPONDS WITH MEDICAL FACTS! YOUR HISTORY SHOWS A DOZEN INFRACOCTIONS OF THE LAW—PETTY STEALING, SHOP-LIFTING, ASSAULT, AND SO FORTH! THE COMPANY YOU KEEP IS BAD! YOU DRINK TOO MUCH—YOU'VE GOT THE REPUTATION OF BEING A LIAR! I THINK TWO YEARS AT THE REFORMATORY WILL ERASE A FEW CAUSES OF YOUR SO-CALLED "AMNESIA"!

SO YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, HUH?

WHERE DO YOU GET OFF, YOU DIRTY, LOUSY...?!! TELLIN' ME WHAT TO DO, WHERE TO GO, HOW TO LIVE... BIG KNOW-IT-ALL, AIN'T YOU? WAIT AN' SEE, YOU @#!\$#! THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNIN'! I AIN'T COMIN' OUT OF THIS, FORGETTIN'!

NO FAT WARD HEELER, WHO PLAYS ALMIGHTY BECAUSE HE SITS ON A HIGH CHAIR, CAN CALL ME A LIAR! I'LL GET NO AMNESIA ABOUT HATIN' YOU AN' THEM COPS THAT HEEL AROUND YOUR FEET LIKE MUTTS—PTTTT!!

TAKE THAT LOATHESOME IDIOT OUT OF MY SIGHT, BEFORE HE TURNS MY STOMACH!

THAT WAS BUCK KELLY'S FIRST BIG BRUSH WITH THE LAW! LIKE MANY SCOUNDRELS, BUCK'S VANITY LED HIM TO BELIEVE THAT TOUGH TALK AND EVIL CUNNING COULD OUT-SMART THE KNOWLEDGE AND STRENGTH OF SOCIETY!

REFORMATORY

WHAT SIGN SAYS, "NO SMOKING"? YOU DON'T SEE NO SIGN!

NEVER MIND WHO TOLD ME HOW YOU SNITCHED ON ME FOR STEALIN' YOUR LOUSY, STALE CANDY!

HOW CAN ANYBODY WASH CLOTHES, WHEN THE SINK IS BUSTED!

NO SMOKING

AN UNUSUAL "ACCIDENT" TOOK PLACE IN THE AUDITORIUM ONE NIGHT DURING A MOVIE!

YIH!!!

JOEY MUST'VE LEANED TOO FAR OVER THE BALCONY!

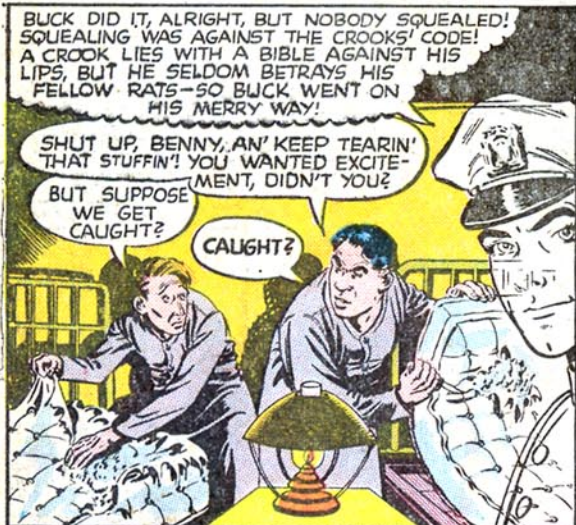
YEAH, BUT WHO HELPED HIM LEAN? HEY, DIDN'T BUCK AND JOEY HAVE A HOT ARGUMENT YESTERDAY?

HOW COULD I HAVE DONE IT? I WAS DOWN HERE ALL THE TIME!

I SAW YA RUN DOWN THEM BACK STAIRS—BUT DON'T WORRY, I WON'T SQUEAL!

HEY—HE LOOKS AWFUL DEAD!

OBEY THE LAW

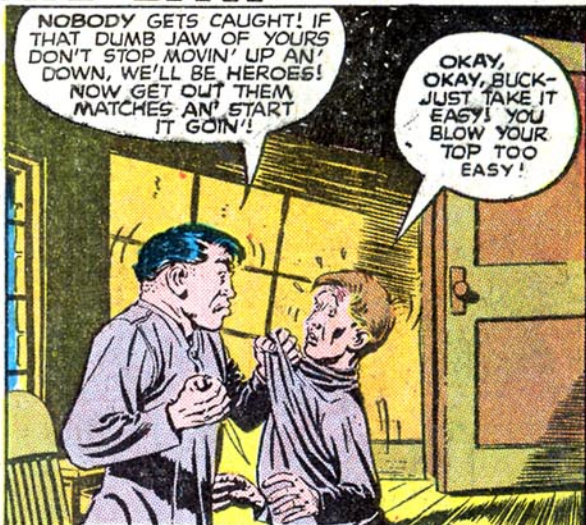


BUCK DID IT, ALRIGHT, BUT NOBODY SQUEALED! SQUEALING WAS AGAINST THE CROOKS' CODE! A CROOK LIES WITH A BIBLE AGAINST HIS LIPS, BUT HE SELDOM BETRAYS HIS FELLOW RATS—SO BUCK WENT ON HIS MERRY WAY!

SHUT UP, BENNY, AN' KEEP TEARIN' THAT STUFFIN'! YOU WANTED EXCITEMENT, DIDN'T YOU?

BUT SUPPOSE WE GET CAUGHT?

CAUGHT?



NOBODY GETS CAUGHT! IF THAT DUMB JAW OF YOURS DON'T STOP MOVIN' UP AN' DOWN, WE'LL BE HEROES! NOW GET OUT THEM MATCHES AN' START IT GOIN'!

OKAY, BUCK—JUST TAKE IT EASY! YOU BLOW YOUR TOP TOO EASY!



FIRE! FIRE! EVERYBODY OUTTA THEIR ROOMS! GRAB THAT SPRAY, BENNY! I'LL GET THE ONE ON THE OTHER SIDE!

S..SURE!

BUT OH, BROTHER, IF THEY EVER FIND OUT IT STARTED IN OUR ROOM, WE'LL GET THE TREATMENT, SURE!



THAT'S THE STUFF, BENNY! GIVE 'EM THE FOAM RIGHT IN THEIR EYES, SO THEIR FACES WON'T BURN!

HEY, FIRE! WHERE IS IT COMIN' FROM? OW—HEY, NOT IN MY EYES!

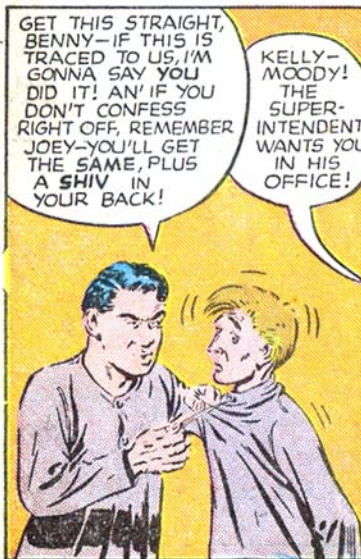
HEY—CUT IT OUT! OW!!



WE'RE HEROES—AIN'T WE, SIR? WE SAVED LOTS OF GUYS WITH THE FIRE EQUIPMENT—MAYBE YOU'LL LET US OUT FOR BEIN' HEROES!

I CAN'T ASSOCIATE THE WORD, 'HERO'—AND YOU, WITHOUT FEELING SACRILEGIOUS!

WE'VE JUST LOCATED THE ORIGIN OF THE FIRE, SIR!



GET THIS STRAIGHT, BENNY—IF THIS IS TRACED TO US, I'M GONNA SAY YOU DID IT! AN' IF YOU DON'T CONFESS RIGHT OFF, REMEMBER JOEY—YOU'LL GET THE SAME, PLUS A SHIV IN YOUR BACK!

KELLY—MOODY! THE SUPERINTENDENT WANTS YOU IN HIS OFFICE!



WHAT KIND OF SAPS DO YOU TAKE US FOR? ANY DOPE CAN SEE THAT YOU DELIBERATELY SET YOUR BEDS ON FIRE! WHY DID YOU DO IT?

I WAS SCARED OF THAT, SIR! I WARNED BENNY, BUT HE WANTED TO SEE HOW THE FIRE EQUIPMENT WORKED—RIGHT, BENNY?



TALK, YOU DIRTY FIRE-BUG! YOU AIN'T PINNIN' THIS ON ME!

KELLY!! WE'LL DO OUR OWN INTERROGATING, THANK YOU!

I..I DID IT, SIR! SOB! BUCK WARNED ME, BUT I WOULDN'T LISTEN TO HIM!

WHACK!

OBEY THE LAW

I DIDN'T LISTEN! OH, WHY D...DIDN'T I LISTEN...

SEE, SIR? A FULL CONFESSION— THAT LETS ME OUT!

MOODY, COME INTO MY OFFICE—I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ALONE!

YOU'RE DUMB, MOODY, BUT YOU'RE NOT LIKE HE IS INSIDE! TELL ME THE TRUTH, FOR YOUR SAKE, AND THE SAKE OF THOSE BUCK WILL HURT LATER, IF HE ISN'T STOPPED NOW!

REMEMBER JOEY? YOU'LL GET THE SAME, PLUS A SHIV IN YOUR BACK!

YOU'VE GOT BUCK WRONG, SIR! I DID IT— ME, ALONE! IT WAS TOO LATE FOR BUCK TO STOP ME! I GOT AWFUL STUPID, I GUESS!

YOU ARE STUPID, BENNY— MISERABLY, HOPELESSLY STUPID, TO TAKE THE RAP FOR A HALF-MAD RASCAL LIKE BUCK KELLY! YOU AND YOUR KIND WILL PAY FOR YOUR COWARDICE SOME DAY!

BUCK KELLY LEFT THE REFORMATORY IN 1923! REFORMATORIES PUT NINE OUT OF TEN BOYS ON THE PATH TO GOOD CITIZENSHIP, BUT THERE'S ALWAYS ONE VICIOUS NUMBSKULL WHO'S BENT ON MAKING HIS OWN LAWS—AND BUCK WAS THAT ONE!

THERE'S NOTHIN' LIKE FREEDOM TO TAKE ANYTHIN' YOU WANT, WHEN YOU WANT IT, AN' HOW YOU WANT IT!

CROOKS ARE HOLLOW MEN—EMPTY OF MORAL STRENGTH! THAT'S WHY THEY BUY PHYSICAL STRENGTH!

HERE'S A GERMAN .38! THEY MADE NOTHIN' BETTER OVER THERE DURIN' THE WAR!

MAYBE THAT'S WHY THEY LOST THE WAR—GIMME AN AMERICAN GUN—I LIKE A WINNIN' SIDE!

YEAH, THIS COLT'LL DO ME FINE—NICE WEIGHT, TOO! OKAY, GRAN'PA, I'LL PAY YA FOR IT IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS!

WAIT A MINUTE! THAT GUN'S FOR SALE—NOT HIRE! HAND IT BACK!

SURE, GRAN'PA! HOW'S THIS? YA WANTED IT, DIDN'T YA? AN' YOU'LL GET IT BACK AGAIN, AN' AGAIN, BUT THAT DEPENDS ON YOU—NOW WHAT D'YA SAY?

CRACK!!

HOW DO I KNOW YOU'LL EVER PAY ME?

YOU DON'T KNOW—AN' IF I DON'T KEEP MY MOUTH SHUT ABOUT YOU SELLIN' GUNS WITHOUT A LICENSE, YOU'LL BE PAID PLENTY! SO RING UP 'NO SALE', GRAN'PA!

THERE'S STILL TIME TO THINK, BUCK—YOU'VE DONE ONE STRETCH, BUT GUNS END UP IN THE STRETCH THAT MAKES YOUR NECK LONGER! THROW THAT COLT IN THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY, BUCK—DO YOURSELF A FAVOR!

NOW I'VE GOT A FINE SELLING POINT IN MY POCKET! ALL I NEED IS A GOOD BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY!

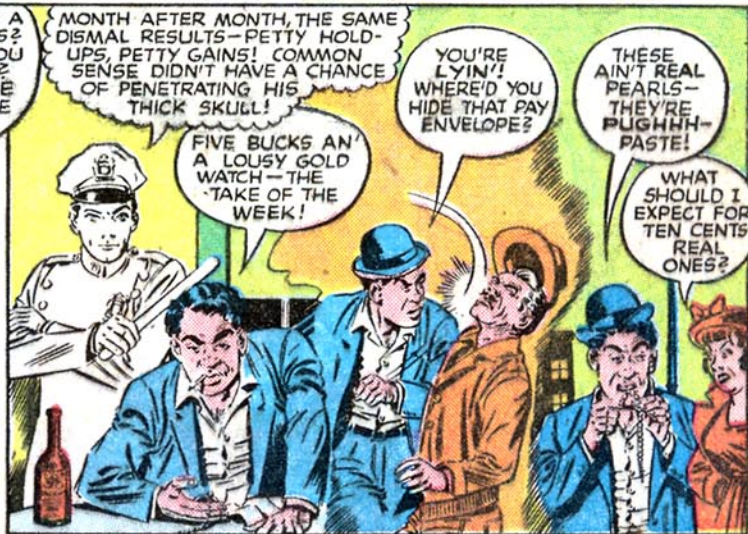
OBEY THE LAW



A SHIPPING CLERK'S PAY ENVELOPE BOASTED MORE MONEY THAN BUCK KELLY MADE WITH HIS GREAT "SELLING POINT"!

THREE AND A HALF BUCKS? WHAT'RE YOU GIVIN' ME? WHERE'S THE REST OF THE DOUGH?

WHAT DOUGH? I'M A WORKING MAN! GO AFTER THEM SWELLS ON NOB HILL, IF IT'S DOUGH YOU WANT!



MONTH AFTER MONTH, THE SAME DISMAL RESULTS—PETTY HOLD-UPS, PETTY GAINS! COMMON SENSE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE OF PENETRATING HIS THICK SKULL!

FIVE BUCKS AN' A LOUSY GOLD WATCH—THE TAKE OF THE WEEK!

YOU'RE LYIN'! WHERE'D YOU HIDE THAT PAY ENVELOPE?

THESE AIN'T REAL PEARLS—THEY'RE PUGH-H-PASTE!

WHAT SHOULD I EXPECT FOR TEN CENTS—REAL ONES?



YOU MUST NEED MONEY PRETTY BAD, MISTER, IF YOU'RE ROBBING BLIND WAR VETS!

SHUT UP, OR I'LL SLIT YOUR THROAT! TWO BUCKS IN PENNIES!

I AM A BLIND WAR VETERAN

COYOTE TALES
SMILE
DO
BICKS STOR



YOU CAN KEEP YOUR LOUSY PENNIES! GO TO BLAZES WITH 'EM!

THANKS—YOU'VE GOT A KIND HEART, MISTER—THE ROTTEN KIND!

THE SEEDS OF PROHIBITION BEGAN TO SPROUT! BUCK SOON HEARD THERE WAS MONEY TO BE MADE IN BOOZE! THERE WAS—FOR A FEW OF THE BIG BOYS! BUT THEY WERE ALWAYS TOPPED OFF BY EXPENSIVE FUNERALS! I WARNED BUCK, BUT HE HAD NO USE FOR COMMON SENSE!

THIRTY-FIVE BUCKS A WEEK TO START—MORE IF YOU DRIVE THE TRUCK! ANGELO WILL SHOW YOU THE ROPES! WHAT D'YA SAY?

I'LL DRIVE!



IT'S RILEY'S MOB! KEEP YOUR FOOT ON THE GAS! I TOLD YOU THEY WOULD TRY TO HI-JACK US!

WHERE ARE THEY? I CAN'T SEE 'EM—UGH!

GEE! MOSEY IS HIT! HEY, THEY'RE USIN' A TOMMY-GUN!

HOW DID YA EXPECT THE RILEY MOB TO STOP OUR TRUCK—WAVE AT IT WITH A LACE HANDKERCHIEF? KEEP THIS CRATE MOVIN'—AN' DON'T LOOK BACK!

THIS IS TOO RICH FOR MY BLOOD—THIRTY-FIVE BUCKS TO PLAY CLAY-PIGEON FOR RILEY'S SHARP-SHOOTERS AIN'T MY IDEA OF AN EARLY RETIREMENT!

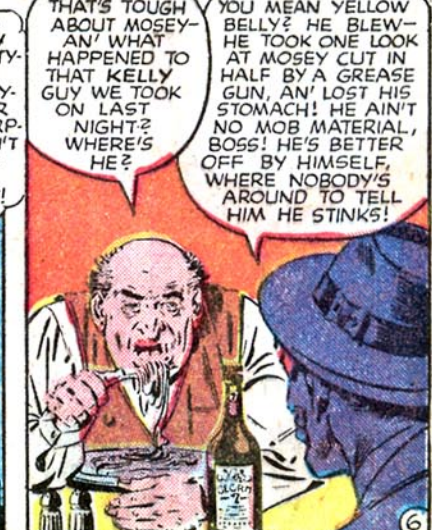


THAT'S TOUGH ABOUT MOSEY—AN' WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT KELLY GUY WE TOOK ON LAST NIGHT? WHERE'S HE?

YOU MEAN YELLOW BELLY? HE BLEW—HE TOOK ONE LOOK AT MOSEY CUT IN HALF BY A GREASE GUN, AN' LOST HIS STOMACH! HE AIN'T NO MOB MATERIAL, BOSS! HE'S BETTER OFF BY HIMSELF, WHERE NOBODY'S AROUND TO TELL HIM HE STINKS!

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OBEY THE LAW

BUCK WENT BACK TO CHICKEN-FEED ROUTINES—HOLD-UPS, SHAKE-DOWNS, ALWAYS KEEPING JUST ONE STEP AHEAD OF THE LAW—UNTIL...YES, THERE'S ALWAYS AN "UNTIL" IN CRIME! WELL, SEE FOR YOURSELF!

YOU HEARD ME TELL 'I'M NOT TO YELL! IT'S HIS OWN FAULT—AN' REMEMBER, LADY, YOU NEVER SAW ME BEFORE, UNLESS YA WANT WHAT HE GOT!

THIS IS IMPORTANT, MA'M—DID THIS CROOK TOUCH ANYTHING?

HE PUNCHED HIM, FIRST—THEN HE STRUCK HIM WITH THE VASE! IT WAS HORRIBLE!

CHECK THE PIECES FOR PRINTS! THE RAT IS SURE TO HAVE A RECORD—AND CALL AN AMBULANCE!

PLEASE! PLEASE! DON'T HIT ME ANY MORE!

YES, YES—GOOD CLEAR ONES, TOO, CHIEF!

PICK OUT THE PRETTIEST 'EM TO HEAD-QUARTERS!

YEP—HERE'S ITS MATE! IT'S CLARENCE "BUCK" KELLYS—A PHI BETTA SAPPA FROM A FRISCO REFORMATORY!

SINCE HE LIKES OUR PENAL SYSTEM SO MUCH, WE'LL GRADUATE HIM TO AN INSTITUTION OF "HIGHER" LEARNING—THE STATE PEN!

BUCK KELLY? THAT'S HIM—OVER THERE—DANCING! HE'S ONE OF OUR STEADIEST CUSTOMERS!

THE DEAR BOY—HE'S HAVING SUCH A GOOD TIME! THEY DON'T DO MUCH STEPPING AT THE STATE PEN, YOU KNOW—HE'S GONNA MISS IT!

NOT TOO MUCH, CHIEF—THEY'VE GOT A DANCE THERE CALLED THE "LOCK-STEP"!

YOU DON'T MIND OUR CUTTING IN, DO YOU, GIRLIE? YOUR ROMEO HAS A PREVIOUS ENGAGEMENT, WHERE HE'S GOT TO DO A LOT OF FAST TALKING, AND IF HE DOESN'T, HE'S GONNA CHARLESTON HIS WAY RIGHT INTO STIR!

BUCK? MY NAME AIN'T BUCK!

WHY, IT IS SO—YOU BIG FIBBER!

THAT'S HIM! I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT FAT FACE—ALL LIT UP WITH A CRAZY EXPRESSION, WHEN HE STRUCK POOR OLD PHILIP! I'D LIKE TO SCRATCH HIS BEADY EYES!

I SHOULD'VE KILLED YA, YOU OLD HAG! I'LL KNOW BETTER NEXT TIME!

NEXT TIME WILL BE AT LEAST THREE YEARS FROM NOW! YOU'D BETTER LEARN YOUR LESSON BY 1926, OR THE NEXT TIME AFTER THAT WILL BE HOT SQUAT TIME!

THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU LEAVE WITNESSES AROUND, WHO DON'T SCARE EASY! THESE CHARACTERS AIN'T LIKE BENNY MOODY! THEY SING TO THE COPPERS, LIKE THEY WAS TRYIN' FOR THE OPERA! NEXT TIME—NO WITNESSES, NO SINGING, NO STIR!

YOU'VE STILL GOT A CHANCE, BUCK, BUT IF YOU DON'T PUT MURDER OUT OF YOUR MIND, AND STRAIGHTEN OUT THIS TIME—YOU'RE DOOMED!

OBEY THE LAW

I NEVER KNEW I COULD HATE COPS AN' JOHN Q'S LIKE THIS! I AIN'T GONNA SOUND OFF AT PEOPLE LIKE THAT JUDGE NO MORE! I'M GONNA TALK WITH LEAD FROM NOW ON!

YOU'RE MAD, BUCK! YOU'RE NUTS TO THINK THAT MURDER SOLVES ANYTHING, BUT HOW TO COMMIT SUICIDE! I KNOW YOU CAN'T SEE ME, OR HEAR ME, BUT I'M BANKING ON THE SLIM CHANCE THAT YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS MIND WILL SENSE ME!

THINK, BUCK—THINK WHILE THERE'S TIME, BUT YOU WON'T! I KNOW YOU CROOKS—YOU NEVER THINK! YOU JUST GO THROUGH THE MOTIONS OF THOUGHT! REASONING IS AS FOREIGN TO YOU, AS KINDNESS, MERCY AND DECENCY!

I'M GONNA COVER EVERY STICK-UP WITH A CORPSE!

IF ONLY I COULD PENETRATE THICK NUMBSKULLS LIKE THIS! WHAT TRAGEDIES I COULD PREVENT! LOOK AT HIM—LOOK AT THOSE COLD, VENGEFUL EYES—THEY ONLY REFLECT HUMOR IN OTHER PEOPLES' SUFFERINGS!

AS THE YEARS 1924, '25 AND '26 PASSED, SO DID BUCK'S ANTI-SOCIAL BEHAVIOR! HIS MANNER TOWARD THE PRISON AUTHORITIES BECAME VERY FRIENDLY!

TAKE IT EASY—YOU'RE DOING MORE WORK THAN ANY THREE MEN IN THE LAUNDRY! IT AIN'T LIKE YOU, KELLY! WHAT'S COME OVER YOU?

I'VE BEGUN TO LIKE MY WORK, SIR!

LAUNDRY

IT WAS CHILDISH STRATEGY, BUT IT WORKED! HIS PERSEVERING DETERMINATION PAID OFF! THE DAY OF EMANCIPATION CAME IN OCTOBER, 1926!

WHEN YOU WALK OUT OF THAT DOOR, KELLY, I'M SURE YOU'LL GO STRAIGHT! A MAN WITH YOUR REMARKABLE RECORD MUST HAVE HAD THE EVIL KNOCKED OUT OF HIM—AM I RIGHT?

YESSIR—YOU BET, SIR!

HELLO, CHIEF, REMEMBER ME? I STILL RATE AT THIS SPEAKIE, DON'T I?

BUCK! YOU OLD COXX!!! SO YOU'RE BACK IN CIRCULATION, EH, KID? COME ON IN!

YOU KNOW—I DON'T LIKE TO BEG, CHIPS, BUT I'M FLAT BROKE! I NEED A GUN TO SET ME ON MY FEET!

ANYTHING YOU WANT, BUCK—I'VE GOT A DRAWER FULL—BUT WHAT I DON'T SAVVY IS—HOW THE BOYS GOT THE IDEA THAT YOU GOT CHICKEN IN STIR!

THE GUY WAS JUST PLAYIN' FOR AN EARLY PAROLE! WHAT'S CHICKEN ABOUT THAT? TELL ME, BUCK, WHAT YOU GOT IN MIND!

YOU'D DO WELL TO LISTEN TO TOMMY DAY, BUCK! I SET TOMMY UP IN BUSINESS, EH, KID? HE'S DOING WELL IN BUSINESS NOW!

YOU SAID IT, CHIPS BUT I COULD DO A LOT BETTER WITH ANOTHER GUY! DID YA EVER TRY TEAMIN' UP, BUCKY?

GIMME THAT LUGER, CHIPS! WHAT'VE YOU GOT IN MIND, TOMMY?

OBEY THE LAW



PUT A COUPLE OF RYES UNDER YOUR BELT— THEN WE'LL GO INTO ACTION!

TODAY IS OCTOBER NINTH, AINT IT? MAKE A NOTE OF IT—IT'S THE DAY I STARTED LIVIN' RIGHT, BECAUSE THE JOHN Q'S STARTED CROAKIN' RIGHT!



WHAT D' YA MEAN, CROAKIN'? I ONLY POINT THAT LUGER! I FORGET IT HAS A TRIGGER!

YOU'LL GET OVER THAT WITH ME AROUND! C'MON, TOMMY, YOU GOT A COUPLE OF THINGS TO LEARN!



FIRST OF ALL, WE NEED A CAR! SINCE WE DON'T KNOW HOW TO CROSS THEM IGNITION WIRES, WE GOTTA FIND ONE WITH THE KEYS IN IT—HOW ABOUT THAT BUICK—THE ONE THAT GUY'S GETTIN' INTO?

OKAY, BUT KEEP THAT ROD IN YOUR POCKET, EXCEPT IN AN EMERGENCY!



WAIT UP, MISTER—WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

INTO MY CAR— WHY? YOUR CAR?



HEY, TAKE IT EASY, BUCK! YOU'LL KILL THE GUY!

NO KIDDIN'? GET IN THE CAR, TOMMY! I'M GONNA PUT THIS SAP OUT OF HIS MISERY!



ARE YOU CRAZY? PUT THAT AWAY, BEFORE I BREAK YOUR ARM! I TOLD YOU—NO SHOOTIN'!

MAYBE YOU DON'T KNOW IT, BUT WE'RE COLLECTIN' AN AUDIENCE!



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? WE'D SWING FOR WHAT YOU WANTED TO DO, AND FOR WHAT-A CRUMMY OLD CRATE! I DON'T THINK YOU AN' I ARE GONNA WORK OUT TOO GOOD!

G'WAN! IT'LL WORK OUT FINE! WHAT CAN GO WRONG? DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES—INCLUDIN' A DEAD GUNMAN NAMED TOMMY DAY! WANT TO DISCUSS IT?



NO—LET'S DROP IT! I WAS JUST WARNIN' YOU, BUCK—IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!

THAT'S THE STUFF, TOMMY! I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU WANTED TO ARGUE! NOW LET'S MAKE THE ROUNDS DOWN TOWN AROUND THE TALL BUILDINGS, WHERE IT'S DARKER!



OKAY—HERE'S A GOOD SPOT! GET OUT, FIRST! I'M NOT TAKIN' ANY CHANCES OF YOU DRIVIN' OFF, LEAVIN' ME ON THE SIDE-WALK WITH A TELL-TALE STIFF!

YOU KNOW I WOULDN'T DO A THING LIKE THAT! BUT FOR PETE'S SAKE, BUCK, YA MIND NOT POINTIN' THAT ROD?

OBEY THE LAW



YOU SHOULD BE HONORED!
YOU'RE MY FIRST MURDER!
NO SENSE ASKIN' YOU TO
RAISE YOUR ARMS—YOU'LL
DROP 'EM AGAIN!

WHAT
SORT OF A
GUY DID
CHIPS LET
ME IN
FOR?



FORTY BUCKS AN A
WATCH—NOT BAD FOR
STIFF NUMBER ONE!
LET'S GET GOIN' ON
STIFF NUMBER TWO—
UPTOWN—OUTTA THIS
NEIGHBORHOOD!

THIS CAN'T
GO ON—I
CAN FEEL
THAT NOOSE
AROUND MY
NECK
ALREADY!



I'LL SEE
YOU TO
YOUR DOOR,
MARGIE!

DON'T
BE SILLY,
BILL! I JUST
GO UP ONE
FLIGHT OF
STEPS! GOOD
NIGHT,
DEAR!

WE GIVE
IT TO HER AS
SOON AS HIS
CAR TURNS THE
CORNER!



I GET 'EM IN THE
BACK—THEN THEY
DON'T EVEN GET A
CHANCE TO SEE
YOUR FACE! THAT'S
BEIN' CAREFUL—
EH, TOMMY?

I CAN'T STAND
IT—HE'LL GO ON
LIKE THIS ALL
NIGHT! SOMETHIN'S
GOTTA GIVE! I
DON'T TRUST
THAT KILL-CRAZY
CO!!X!!

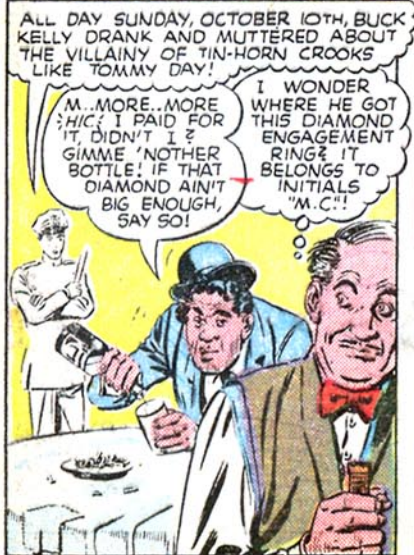


TOMMY!
TOMMY!
COME BACK!
WHY YOU
CO!!X!!

YOU'RE ON
YOUR OWN,
SQUIRREL MEAT!
I'M GETTIN'
AS FAR AWAY
FROM YOU AS I
CAN—EVEN CHINA
WILL BE TOO
CLOSE!



THE DIRTY CO!!X!!! THE
NO GOOD CO!!X!!! DOUBLE-
CROSSER—HE RUINED A
PERFECT NIGHT! WAIT TILL
I TELL CHIPS ABOUT
THAT LOUSY COWARD!
IF I EVER GET MY
MITTS ON 'IM...



ALL DAY SUNDAY, OCTOBER 10TH, BUCK
KELLY DRANK AND MUTTERED ABOUT
THE VILLAINY OF TIN-HORN CROOKS
LIKE TOMMY DAY!

M. MORE. MORE
;HIC; I PAID FOR
IT DIDN'T I?
GIMME 'NOTHER
BOTTLE! IF THAT
DIAMOND AIN'T
BIG ENOUGH,
SAY SO!

I WONDER
WHERE HE GOT
THIS DIAMOND
ENGAGEMENT
RING? IT
BELONGS TO
INITIALS
'M.C.!!



CAME SUNDAY NIGHT, BUCK TOOK A
COLD SHOWER, DINED, AND WENT TO
THE MOVIES, WHERE HE SAW A
GANGSTER PICTURE, MUCH LIKE
HIS OWN CAREER!

I GOTTA STOP THINKIN'
ABOUT THAT DIRTY,
DOUBLE-CROSSER—IT'S
HURTIN' MY APPETITE!



HOLLYWOOD
HANDS ME A
LAUGH—THE WAY
THOSE CELLULOID
GANGSTERS HANDLE
RODS! I'D LIKE TO
GO OUT THERE AN'
SHOW 'EM HOW TO
DO IT!

OBEY THE LAW



SURE—I LIKE DANCIN' WITH YOU, MISTER, BUT I'M A WORKING GIRL! YOU GOTTA KEEP BUYING TICKETS! I CAN'T HELP IT IF YOU'RE BROKE!

STOW IT—I WON'T BE BROKE FOR LONG—I JUST SEEN AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE!

DANCE 10¢

THE DANCE HALLS WERE A CONSTANT LURE TO BUCK! THERE HE COULD BUY A FALSE SMILE FOR A DIME!

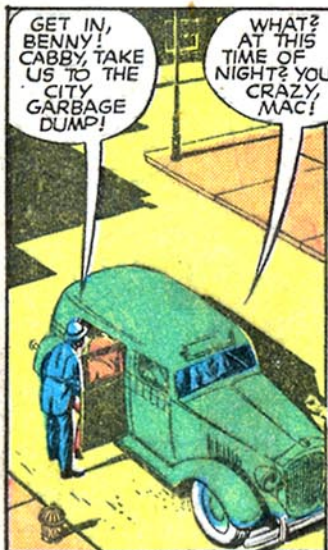


HIYA, MOODY, OL' SUCKER! I AIN'T SEEN YOU SINCE YOU COVERED UP FOR ME IN THAT FIRE! LET'S HAVE A DRINK FOR OLD TIME'S SAKE—ON YOU!



B..BUCK KELLY! S..SURE—LET'S HAVE ONE! HOW YA BEEN?

THE SAME AS ALWAYS—STACKED WITH BRIGHT IDEAS, AN' ALWAYS READY TO SHARE 'EM WITH A PAL! C'MON, BENNY, NEVER MIND THE DRINK! C'MON, YOU AN' I ARE GOIN' PROSPECTIN'!



GET IN, BENNY, CABBY, TAKE US TO THE CITY GARBAGE DUMP!

WHAT? AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT? YOU'RE CRAZY, MAC!



SURE—MAYBE EVEN CRAZY ENOUGH TO BLOW YOUR BRAINS OUT!

BUCK AIN'T CHANGED—EXCEPT HE'S WORSE!

THE CITY DUMP—YES, SIR!



THAT'S THE STUFF, MEATBALL! TAKE OFF EVERYTHING BUT YOUR UNDERWEAR! I WOULDN'T ASK EVEN BENNY TO PUT THEM SMELLY RAGS ON!

HAVE A HEART, MAC—IT'S AWFUL COLD, AN' I GOT A FAMILY!



YOUR WORRIES ABOUT CATCHIN' COLD IS OVER! PUT ON HIS OUDS, BENNY, YOU'RE ACTIN' CAB DRIVER FROM HERE ON!



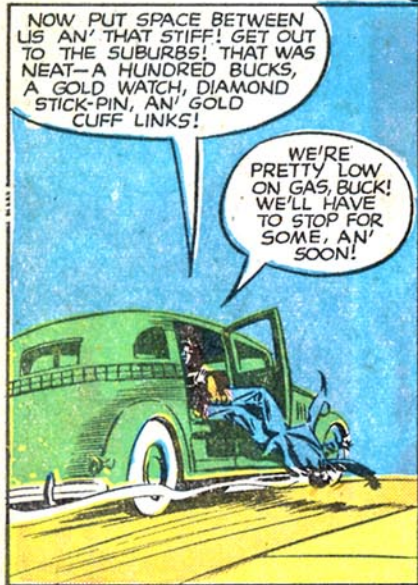
NOW WE PICK UP FARES—RICH ONES! YOU LET 'EM IN, AN' LEAVE THE REST TO ME! START WITH THAT OLD GUY ON THE CORNER!

WE'LL GET HANGED FOR SURE!



C'MON IN, MISTER! WHAT'S A MATTER—DON'T YA LIKE COMPANY? ALL RIGHT, IF YA WON'T COME IN, THEN FLOP IN!

OBEY THE LAW



NOW PUT SPACE BETWEEN US AN' THAT STIFF! GET OUT TO THE SUBURBS! THAT WAS NEAT—A HUNDRED BUCKS, A GOLD WATCH, DIAMOND STICK-PIN, AN' GOLD CUFF LINKS!

WE'RE PRETTY LOW ON GAS, BUCK! WE'LL HAVE TO STOP FOR SOME, AN' SOON!



FILL THE TANK, AND EMPTY THAT TILL FAST! I GOT AN ITCHY FINGER!

LET HIM GO SCRATCH, POP—HE'S BLUFFING!

WATCH OUT BUCK! HERE'S ANOTHER GUY!



BLUFFIN' LAM I? ALL RIGHT, THEN—I'LL MAKE THIS SELF SERVICE!

THE OTHER GUY WENT BACK INTO THAT ROOM! IF THERE'S A PHONE THERE, IT'S GONNA BE TOUGH GOIN'!



IT'S A GREEN-CHECKERED CAB, OFFICER! TWO GUYS—ONE OF 'EM SHOT... HE... OHHH!!

ATTENTION—ALL CARS BE ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR TWO KILLERS IN A GREEN CAB ON ROUTE 4-H!

TURN AROUND, ED—THAT'S THE CAB WE JUST PASSED!



GO!!! THAT TRAIN—WE'RE CUT OFF! RUN FOR IT, SAP HEAD!

WE'VE GOT 'EM, BUT WATCH OUT—THEY MIGHT BE ABLE TO JUMP THE FREIGHT!



D..DON'T SHOOT! I SURRENDER—I HAVE NO GUN, SEE?

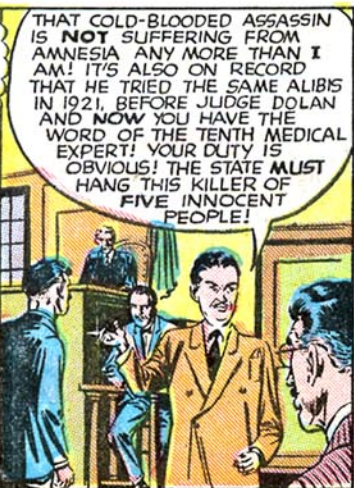
GET THE OTHER ONE—HE'S TRYING TO HOP ON THE FREIGHT!

STOP, OR I'LL PLUG YOU, SO HELP ME!



HA, HA! SO LONG, COPPERS—AN' TELL BENNY I APPRECIATE THE WAY HE ALWAYS TAKES THE RAP FOR M...AGHH!!

NOT QUITE—BUCK KELLY LIVED TO STAND TRIAL! HE BLAMED IT ALL ON TO TOMMY DAY AND BENNY MOODY—AND WHEN THAT DIDN'T WORK, HE ATTEMPTED HIS OLD, MOTH-EATEN AMNESIA GAG!



THAT COLD-BLOODED ASSASSIN IS **NOT** SUFFERING FROM AMNESIA ANY MORE THAN I AM! IT'S ALSO ON RECORD THAT HE TRIED THE SAME ALIBIS IN 1921, BEFORE JUDGE DOLAN AND NOW YOU HAVE THE WORD OF THE TENTH MEDICAL EXPERT! YOUR DUTY IS OBVIOUS! THE STATE MUST HANG THIS KILLER OF FIVE INNOCENT PEOPLE!



ON MAY 11TH, 1928, NUMBER 44926, CLARENCE "BUCK" KELLY, WAS HANGED AT SAN QUENTIN PRISON, WHILE HIS TWO ASSOCIATES RECEIVED LONG, HEAVY SENTENCES! THE CASE OF BUCK KELLY'S WEIRD WEEKEND CLOSED ON A NOTE OF AGONY FOR CRIME, AND TRIUMPH FOR JUSTICE, AS DO ALL THE OTHER CASES IN MY BOOK OF "CRIME AND PUNISHMENT"! STAY WITH ME IF YOU WANT TO SEE MORE TRAGIC EXAMPLES! LET COMMON SENSE SHOW YOU THAT CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF CRIME

A TRUE CRIME STORY

HOT HEADED

FRANCIS BOYD AND HIS PAL

THEY BEGAN CONSTRUCTION OF THEIR CASTLE OF CRIME AT AN EARLY AGE! DID THEY ESCAPE ITS SHATTERING VIOLENCE WHEN IT CRUMBLLED?

by **FRED GUARDINER**

FRANCIS BOYD

DAVID REAGAN



THESE TWO WORKED OUT WHAT SEEMED TO THEM A FOOLPROOF CRIME TECHNIQUE! CLUES THEY LEFT 'EM BY THE DOZEN—WITNESSES—BY THE SCORE, BUT CAPTURES— NOT WITH THE TRICKS THEY KNEW! ANYWAY, THAT'S WHAT THEY THOUGHT, AND IT WORKED FOR A WHILE! THEN THE PAIR FOUND OUT THAT FOOLPROOF PLANS MAY BE PROOF AGAINST FOOLS, BUT NOT AGAINST A CREW OF SMART COPS!

AN AMAZING CRIMINAL CAREER BEGAN ON SEPTEMBER 5, 1918, WHEN 9 YEAR OLD FRANCIS BOYD CAME DASHING OUT OF A CANDY STORE IN SHAMOKIN, PENNSYLVANIA!



YOU LITTLE SNEAK-THIEF! WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON YOU, I'M GONNA BEAT THE LIVING DAY-LIGHTS OUT OF YOU!

HA, HA! YOU'LL HAVE TO CATCH ME FIRST, MR. SHULTZ!

NOW WHERE DID THAT CONFOUNDED KID GO?



HOLY HAT, WHAT A DOPE! I'M RIGHT UNDER HIS NOSE AN' HE DON'T KNOW IT!

I BET YOU CAN FOOL COPS JUST AS EASY, TOO! A SMART KID LIKE ME COULD, I BETCHA! WHO SAYS YA' GOTTA' WORK HARD TO GET ANYTHING OUT OF LIFE?



THIS IS JUST HOW IT ALL STARTED!

OBEY THE LAW

JUST AS YOU'D EXPECT, TWENTY YEARS LATER IN 1938, BOYD WAS IN AN EASTERN PENITENTIARY! HE WAS A REPEAT CUSTOMER!

THIS IS OUR LAST NIGHT IN THIS STINKIN' HOLE, REAGAN! TOMORROW YOU AND ME CAN START GETTIN' EVEN WITH SOCIETY! I FIGURE MY TIME IS WORTH TWENTY GRAND A YEAR, FIVE YEARS, THAT'S A HUNDRED G'S!

RIGHT, FRANCIS, WHERE DO YOU THINK WE OUGHTA' START FROM?



WHERE? WE'RE BOTH FROM THE PENNSYLVANIA HARD-COAL COUNTRY, AIN'T WE? WE KNOW EVERY INCH OF THEM BACK WOODS, DON'T WE? WE'LL MAKE JACKASSES OUTA THEM COPS THERE! IT'S A NATURAL!

I REMEMBER YOU SAID YOU WOULDN'T BE HERE, IF YOU HID WHERE YOU SHOULD HAVE! THOSE WOODS IS WHAT YOU MEANT—RIGHT, FRANCIS?



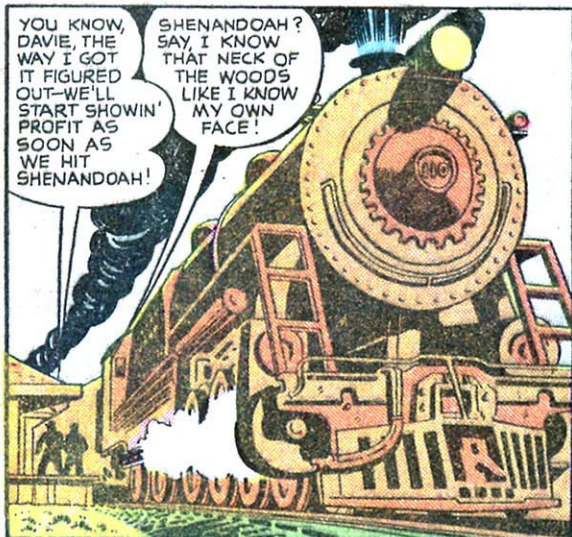
DAVID REAGAN AND FRANCIS BOYD, YOU'RE GOING OUT ON PAROLE TODAY! YOU KNOW WHAT IT'LL MEAN IF YOU GET INTO THE SLIGHTEST TROUBLE!

WE SURE DO, WARDEN! THAT'S WHY DAVIE AN' ME GOT PLANS! WE'RE GOING INTO BUSINESS TOGETHER! DON'T WORRY ABOUT US GETTING INTO TROUBLE!



YOU KNOW, DAVIE, THE WAY I GOT IT FIGURED OUT—WE'LL START SHOWIN' PROFIT AS SOON AS WE HIT SHENANDOAH!

SHENANDOAH? SAY I KNOW THAT NECK OF THE WOODS LIKE I KNOW MY OWN FACE!



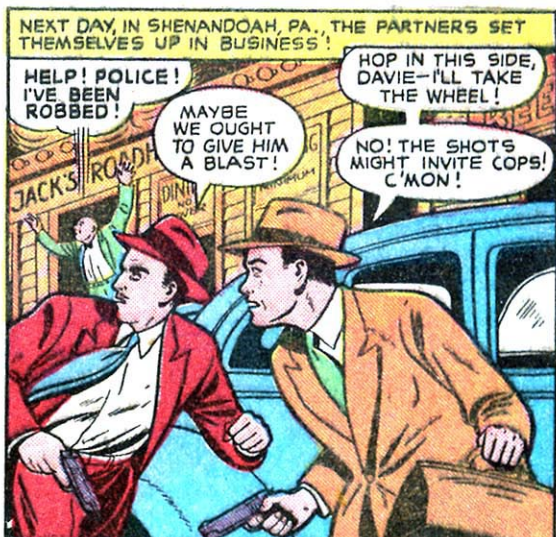
NEXT DAY, IN SHENANDOAH, PA., THE PARTNERS SET THEMSELVES UP IN BUSINESS!

HELP! POLICE! I'VE BEEN ROBBED!

MAYBE WE OUGHT TO GIVE HIM A BLAST!

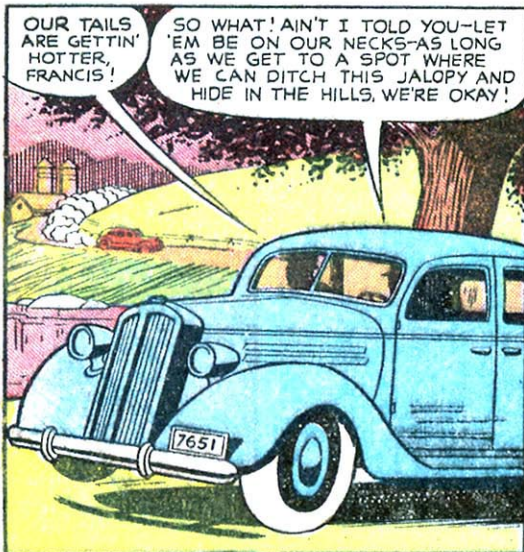
HOP IN THIS SIDE, DAVIE—I'LL TAKE THE WHEEL!

NO! THE SHOTS MIGHT INVITE COPS! C'MON!



OUR TAILS ARE GETTIN' HOTTER, FRANCIS!

SO WHAT! AIN'T I TOLD YOU—LET 'EM BE ON OUR NECKS—AS LONG AS WE GET TO A SPOT WHERE WE CAN DITCH THIS JALOPY AND HIDE IN THE HILLS, WE'RE OKAY!



WE LOST THEM, LIEUTENANT! THEY GOT AWAY IN THE HILLS! THE CARSON WOODS SECTION!

THEY WON'T GET FAR! WE ALREADY KNOW WHO WE'RE AFTER! A WITNESS IDENTIFIED THEM AS A PAIR OF PAROLED CONVICTS! WE'RE SETTING UP A STATE-WIDE DRAGNET FOR THOSE APES! WE'LL NEED ALL THE CIVIL COOPERATION WE CAN GET! WE'LL PASS THEIR PICTURES AROUND TO THE LOCAL STORES! THEY'LL HAVE TO EAT SOMETIME!



OBEY THE LAW



YOU'RE RIGHT! AN' AS SOON AS THE HEATS OFF, WE'LL GO BACK FOR A FEW MORE JOBS! WE'RE ON THE BALL NOW, PAL! WE OUGHT TO CASH IN WHILE WERE HOT!

THE BOYD-REAGAN COMBINATION PAID OFF BY VIRTUE OF A LONG SERIES OF STICKUPS!



WE'LL TAKE THE JACK, BUDDY!

THE JEWELS— THAT'S ALL WE WANT, LADY! TAKE 'EM OFF, AN' BE QUICK ABOUT IT!



OH, HOW COULD YOU, DAVIE, TO THINK A BROTHER OF OURS..

AW, SHUT UP! I DIDN'T COME HOME TO LISTEN TO LECTURES AN' I'M NOT GONNA STAY TO HEAR ANY! AND ONE PEEP OUTTA ANYONE THAT I'VE BEEN HERE, AN' I'LL BASH HER SKULL IN!



HE'S BECOME SO HARD, AMANDA! PERHAPS WE SHOULD TURN HIM OVER TO THE POLICE! HE MIGHT KILL SOMEONE, AND WE'D BE AS MUCH TO BLAME!

CAROLYN! YOU WOULDN'T BETRAY YOUR OWN BROTHER!



HELLO, POLICE HEADQUARTERS? I HAVE INFORMATION FOR YOU ABOUT DAVID REAGAN!



I'VE GOT IT ALL, MISS REAGAN! THANKS, AND CAN WE DEPEND ON IT THAT YOU'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH US AS SOON AS YOU HEAR FROM YOUR BROTHER AGAIN?



YES, YES, YOU HAVE MY WORD, LIEUTENANT! BUT I MUST HAVE YOUR PROMISE TO GO EASY ON HIM! I'M SURE HE WOULD HAVE STRAIGHTENED OUT, IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THAT AWFUL MAN, BOYD!

OBEY THE LAW



A THOUSAND BUCKS! THAT'S SIX HUNDRED FOR ME AND FOUR FOR YOU, RIGHT?

NO! IT AIN'T RIGHT! I'M TIRED OF TAKIN' THE SHORT END OF THE SPLIT'S, BOYD! FROM NOW ON IT'S GOTTA BE EVEN-STEVEN!



SIGN OFF, LITTLE MAN! I'M TOP BRAINS ON THIS TEAM! IT'S 60-40-OR NOTHIN'!

YOU CAN'T PULL THE HIGH-AND-MIGHTY ON ME, BIG SHOT! I GOT A LITTLE AUTHORITY, TOO, RIGHT HERE IN MY HAND!



YOU HAD, DAVIE!

OWW!



I OUGHTA MAKE APPLE-SAUCE OUTA YOUR STUPID FACE, YA C%*!&#!

NO, FRANCIS! LET ME GO, AN' YOU WON'T HAVE TROUBLE WITH ME AGAIN! I PROMISE! 'GASP: LEMME GO, WILL YA!



OKAY, I'LL GIVE YA' A BREAK! BUT NEXT TIME YOU GET ANY IDEAS, KEEP 'EM TO YOURSELF! HEY, I GOT A DATE WITH A SWELL DISH IN SHENANDOAH TONIGHT! IT'S A LONG HAUL INTO TOWN! I'LL GET GOIN', SEE YOU LATER!

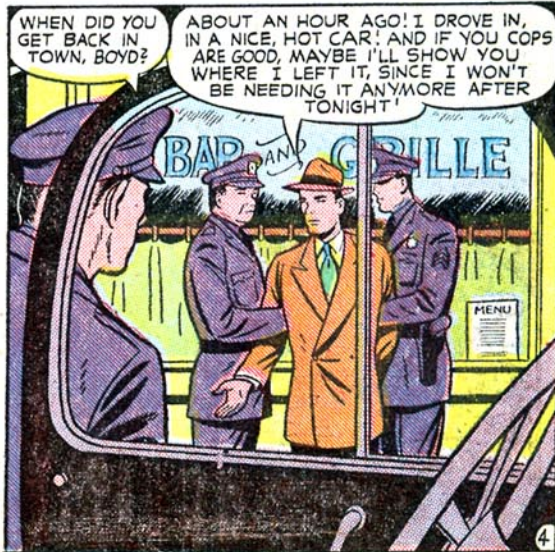


THAT RED-HEAD AIN'T HERE YET! I TOLD HER I DON'T LIKE TO BE KEPT WAITING!

HOLY SMOKE! THAT'S THE PUNK WHO HELD US UP LAST WEEK! WHERE'S A COP?



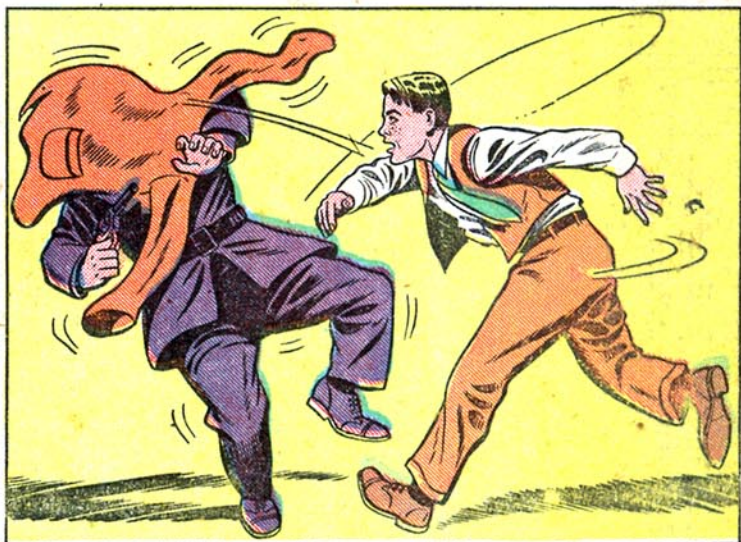
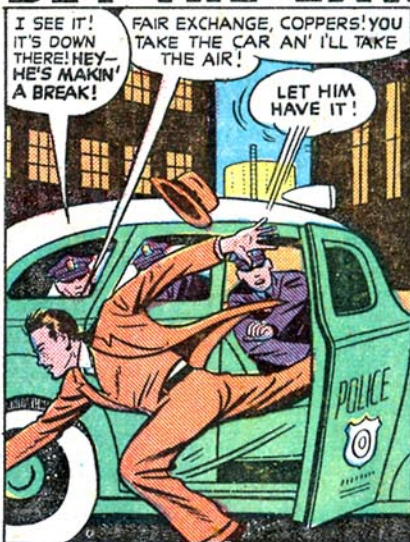
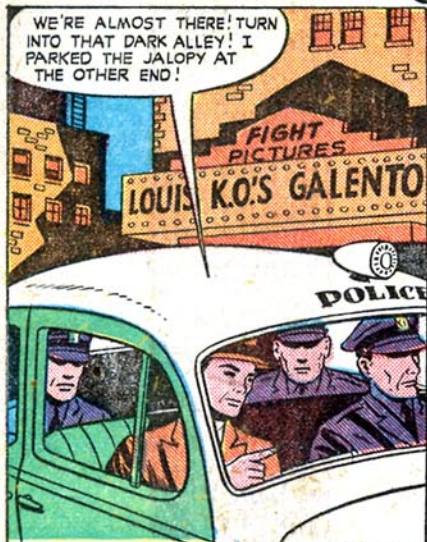
WELL, WELL, LOOK WHO'S HERE, BOYS, FRANCIS BOYD! SO YOU LIKE BARS, BOYD—WE'VE GOT PLENTY OF THEM WAITING FOR YOU AT THE CITY JAIL! LET'S GO!



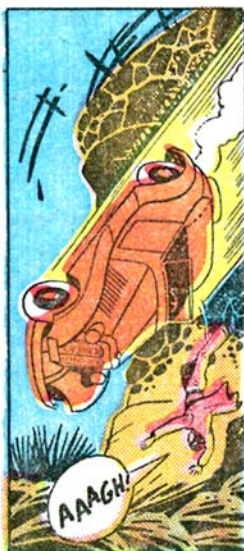
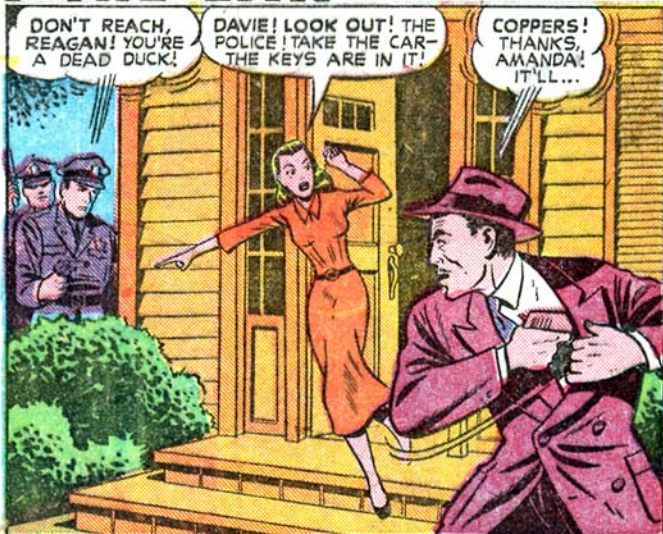
WHEN DID YOU GET BACK IN TOWN, BOYD?

ABOUT AN HOUR AGO! I DROVE IN, IN A NICE, HOT CAR! AND IF YOU COPS ARE GOOD, MAYBE I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE I LEFT IT, SINCE I WON'T BE NEEDING IT ANYMORE AFTER TONIGHT!

OBEY THE LAW



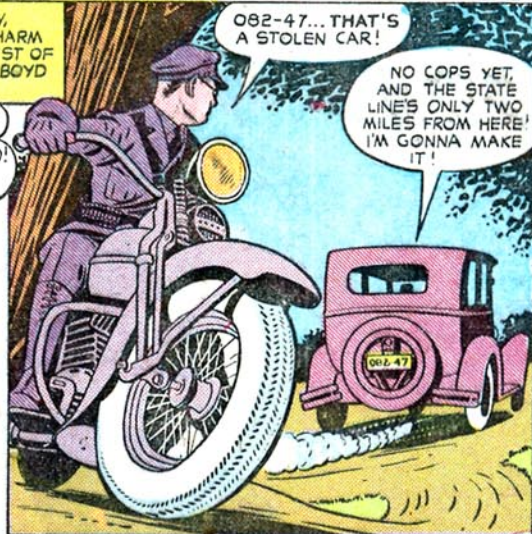
OBEY THE LAW



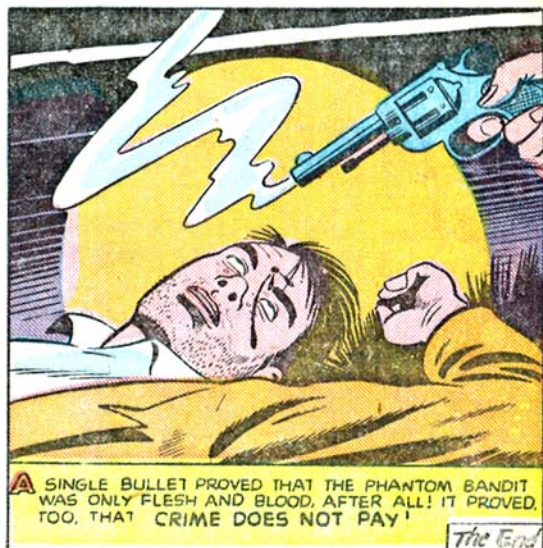
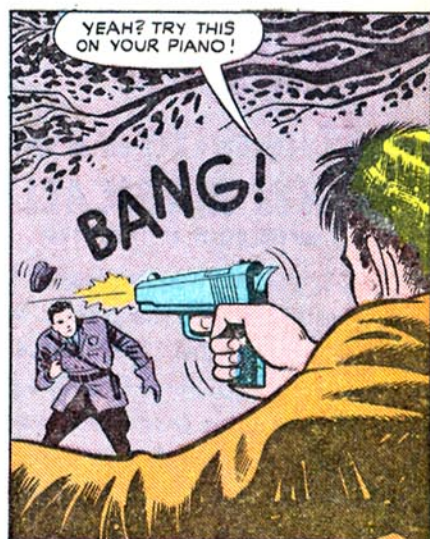
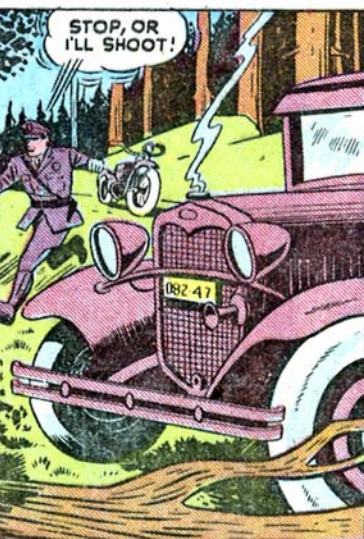
OBEY THE LAW

DAVID REAGAN WAS PUT AWAY, WHERE HE COULD NEVER AGAIN HARM INNOCENT PEOPLE, FOR THE REST OF HIS NATURAL LIFE! BUT FRANCIS BOYD WAS STILL ON THE LOOSE!

THEY'RE WATCHIN' THE FREIGHT LINES NOW, AN' THEY GOT ALL THE BACK ROADS COVERED! MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO SWIPE A CAR AND BREAK THROUGH!



A MOTOR BULL! THERE'S ONLY ONE CHANCE—I STILL KNOW THE WOODS AROUND HERE BETTER THAN ANY COP IN THE STATE!



The End

A M A Z I N G ! N E W !

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DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF CRIME

A TRUE CRIME STORY

JOE KRATZ

"THE TERRIBLE"

THE ONLY EMOTIONS HE KNEW WERE JEALOUSY AND HATE!



LET'S ALL PLAY SPIN THE BOTTLE! HERE'S ANOTHER KISS FOR YOU, SKUNK FACE! THE KISS OF DEATH!

HEY! WHAT IS THIS! OH-OH! I SHOULD'VE KNOWN!

WHY YOU TWO TIMIN' ALLEY CAT! YOU PUT THE FINGER ON ME!

OH I DID, DID I? IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANNA THINK, GO AHEAD!

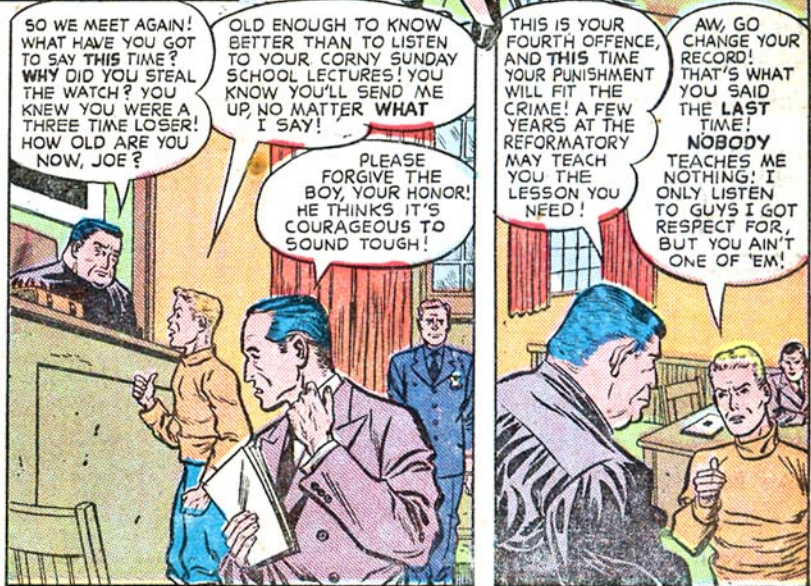
IN A PIG'S EYE THE COPS'LL GET ME!
NO DAME'S SMART ENOUGH TO TWO-TIME ME!
CRIME IS MY BUSINESS!
ONE DAY, EVERY BULL IN AMERICA WILL KNOW MY NAME!
REACH, GRANDPA!
RUMMIES-THAT'S WHAT THEM GOOD-HEARTED JUDGES ARE!
I DO WHAT I PLEASE!
GUNS ARE THE TOOLS OF MY TRADE!
IS A STRETCH GONNA REFORM ME? DON'T BE A SAP!
BUNK! THAT'S ALL THEM WARDENS HAND YOU!
LAW IS SOMETHING TO BE BROKEN!
EVERY GUY WHO WORKS IS A SUCKER!

14TH PRECINCT
 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
 JUNE 3RD.

JOSEPH KRATZ

AGE 11
 STEALING
 FOURTH OFFENCE
 DISPOSITION... CHILDREN'S COURT

REMARKS...



SO WE MEET AGAIN! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY THIS TIME? WHY DID YOU STEAL THE WATCH? YOU KNEW YOU WERE A THREE TIME LOSER! HOW OLD ARE YOU NOW, JOE?

OLD ENOUGH TO KNOW BETTER THAN TO LISTEN TO YOUR CORNY SUNDAY SCHOOL LECTURES! YOU KNOW YOU'LL SEND ME UP, NO MATTER WHAT I SAY!

PLEASE FORGIVE THE BOY, YOUR HONOR! HE THINKS IT'S COURAGEOUS TO SOUND TOUGH!

THIS IS YOUR FOURTH OFFENCE, AND THIS TIME YOUR PUNISHMENT WILL FIT THE CRIME! A FEW YEARS AT THE REFORMATORY MAY TEACH YOU THE LESSON YOU NEED!

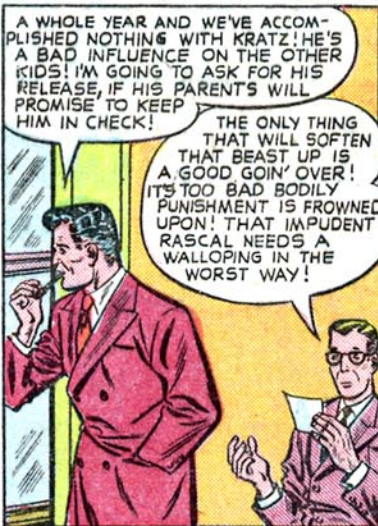
AW, GO CHANGE YOUR RECORD! THAT'S WHAT YOU SAID THE LAST TIME! NOBODY TEACHES ME NOTHING! I ONLY LISTEN TO GUYS I GOT RESPECT FOR, BUT YOU AIN'T ONE OF 'EM!

OBEY THE LAW



YOU KNEW THERE'D BE A TEST TODAY, JOE! WHY DIDN'T YOU STUDY?

BECAUSE I'M NOT LIKE SOME YELLOW-BELLIED BOOKWORMS AROUND HERE! AN' IF STUDYIN' IS GONNA MAKE ME LIKE YOU, I WANNA STAY DUMB! DOES THAT SATISFY YOU?



A WHOLE YEAR AND WE'VE ACCOMPLISHED NOTHING WITH KRATZ! HE'S A BAD INFLUENCE ON THE OTHER KIDS! I'M GOING TO ASK FOR HIS RELEASE, IF HIS PARENTS WILL PROMISE TO KEEP HIM IN CHECK!

THE ONLY THING THAT WILL SOFTEN THAT BEAST UP IS A GOOD GOIN' OVER! IT'S TOO BAD BODILY PUNISHMENT IS FROWNED UPON! THAT IMPUDENT RASCAL NEEDS A WALLOPING IN THE WORST WAY!



I HEARD YOU WERE IN REFORM SCHOOL FOR OVER A YEAR! WAS IT TOUGH, JOE? I HEAR YOU HAD THE JOINT BY ITS TAIL!

I JUST SHOWED 'EM WHO WAS BOSS! FOUR-BALL IN THE SIDE POCKET!- BY THE WAY, DANNY, HOW'S ABOUT YOU AN' ME GOING "SHOPPING" TONIGHT?



VTH PRECINCT
LICE BLOTTER
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
SEPTEMBER 21ST, 1924

JOSEPH KRATZ
AGE 16
OFFENSE- ARMED ROBBERY
NINTH OFFENSE

MY BUDDY? DON'T CLASS ME WITH THIS LILLY! THE ONLY REASON WE GOT NABBED IS BECAUSE A COP HEARD HIS KNEES KNOCKIN' TWO BLOCKS AWAY!

WELL, WELL!! IF IT ISN'T MY OLD FRIEND, JOE KRATZ! WHO'S YOUR BUDDY?



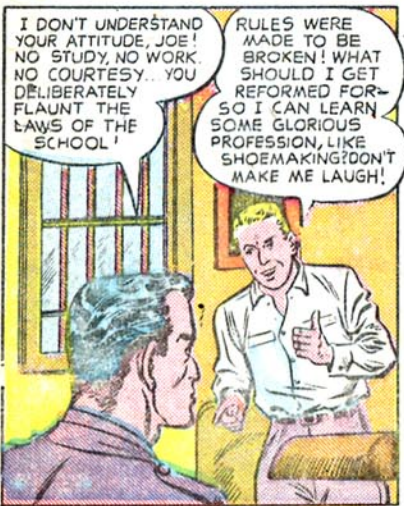
I'M THROUGH WITH YOU! YOU'RE GETTING ANOTHER TWO YEARS IN THE CHICAGO REFORMATORY! TAKE HIM AWAY!

YOU'RE KNOCKING YERSELF OUT WITH THESE PUNISHMENTS, JUDGE! THE GUY THAT CAN REFORM ME, AIN'T BEEN BORN YET!



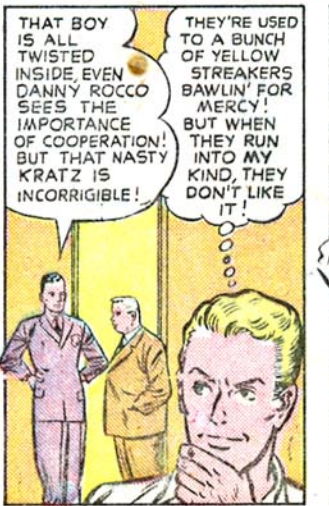
WHAT DID YOU MAKE THE JUDGE SORE FOR? HE LOOKED LIKE A GOOD-HEARTED GUY, 'TIL YOU SOUNDED OFF WITH THAT CRAZY WISE-GUY ROUTINE!

YOU DON'T KNOW FROM NUTHIN', DANNY! WARD HEELERS, THAT'S ALL JUDGES ARE! THEY THINK STICKIN' A GUY ON ICE IS GONNA MAKE EVERYTHING ROSY- ONLY THEY DON'T OFTEN MEET UP WITH GUYS LIKE ME!



I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOUR ATTITUDE, JOE! NO STUDY, NO WORK, NO COURTESY... YOU DELIBERATE FLAUNT THE LAWS OF THE SCHOOL!

RULES WERE MADE TO BE BROKEN! WHAT SHOULD I GET REFORMED FOR- SO I CAN LEARN SOME GLORIOUS PROFESSION, LIKE SHOEMAKING? DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH!



THAT BOY IS ALL TWISTED INSIDE EVEN DANNY ROCCO SEES THE IMPORTANCE OF COOPERATION! BUT THAT NASTY KRATZ IS INCORRIGIBLE!

THEY'RE USED TO A BUNCH OF YELLOW STREAKERS BAWLIN' FOR MERCY! BUT WHEN THEY RUN INTO MY KIND, THEY DON'T LIKE IT!



YEAH? MAYBE YOU THINK I'M KIDDING, EH? ONCE I GET OUT, NOTHING'LL STOP ME! FIRST THING, I'M BUYING A GUN! ONE DAY, EVERY BULL IN AMERICA WILL KNOW MY NAME!

SURE, JOE! AIN'T YOU A CHAMPEEN BULL-THROWER! HA-HA!

HO-HO!

OBEY THE LAW



TRY LAUGHIN' NOW, YOU STINKIN' LITTLE WEASEL! I'M GONNA SPLATTER YOU ALL OVER THE WALLS!



I'LL MURDER THE LOUSY KIBITZER! LEMME GO, DANNY! LEGGO, WILL YA'!

ARE YOU NUTS? DO YOU WANNA SIT IN STIR THE REST OF YER LIFE FOR KILLIN' THAT FLAPMOUTH! DON'T BE A SAP! GIMME THAT LAMP!



YER RIGHT, DANNY! WHEN I KILL A GUY, I'M GONNA KILL HIM SMART! I'D ONLY FRY FOR MURDERIN' THE @!!XX?-TAKE FLAPMOUTH INTO THE BATHROOM AN' WASH HIS FACE! NOW LISTEN - AN THIS GOES FOR EVERYBODY, ONE WORD ABOUT HOW FLAPMOUTH GOT THEM CUTS, AN' YOU'RE GONNA GET THE SAME!



HI, JOE! OUT AGAIN, EH? YER BECOMING A REGULAR "IN-AGAIN-OUT-AGAIN FINNEGAN"! HOW MANY TIMES IS IT NOW, JOE?

DIDN'T YOU KNOW? JOE'S THE COPS' DELIGHT! THEY'VE NABBED HIM NINE TIMES- BUT THAT DON'T DISCOURAGE JOE! RIGHT, JOE?

THIS TIME I BOUGHT "STAYOUT INSURANCE"! A SQUIFF OF THIS KEEPS THE STUBBORNEST COPS AWAY!



BLOW, MARBLE HEAD, LET A HOT 'SHOT SIT IN! WHAT'S THIS- PENNY ANTE? YOU CHEAP CRUMBS! C'MON, LET'S PLAY SOME STUD- BUCK LIMIT!

WHERE'D YOU GET A BUCK?



DON'T ASK WHERE, MARBLE HEAD! THEM'S TRADE SECRETS! I BEEN NICE AN' BUSY SINCE I GOT OUT! I HAD TWO YEARS OF LOST TIME TO MAKE UP!

THE GUY GRIPES ME! THE WAY HE TALKS, YOU'D THINK HE WAS OLD ENOUGH TO VOTE!

JOE'S ONE OF THEM CHILD PRODIGIES... HE'S BEEN BLOWIN' HIS HORN SINCE HE WAS A BOTTLE BABY!



TEN-ELEVEN-TWELVE BUCKS, DANNY, THE WAY THEM GUYS HOLLERED, YOU'D THINK I TOOK 'EM FOR SOME DOUGH! THIS IS CHICKENFEED! I WANNA GRAPPLE WITH SOME BIG DOUGH! HOW ABOUT CASIN' A FEW STORES?

TRY ANOTHER RECORD, JOE! DON'T FORGET, I'M FOUR YEARS OLDER THAN YOU ARE, AN' THAT MUCH WISER! I'M NOT LETTIN' MYSELF IN FOR NO LONG STRETCHES- LIFE'S TOO SHORT!



YOU'LL BE LETTIN' YOURSELF IN FOR WORSE, DANNY! I AIN'T PULLIN' NO STORE STICKUP ALONE! YOU'RE IN THIS WITH ME, AIN'T YA'?-SEE? ALL YOU NEEDED WAS A LITTLE COAXIN'!

ALRIGHT, I'LL HELP YA', BUT DON'T FORGET, IT ISN'T MY IDEA!



OF COURSE IT AIN'T YOU IDEA WHEN DID YOU EVER HAVE ONE! HEY, DID YA' EVER SEE SUCH A COZY SET-UP? NO CUSTOMERS, JUST A TOTTERING GINK! ASK THE OLD MUMMY FOR A BOOK, ONE THAT'S ON A HIGH SHELF! I'LL PUT HIM TO SLEEP WHEN HE REACHES FOR IT!

THIS AIN'T AGREEIN' WITH MY STOMACH! SOMETHING TELLS ME I SHOULDA' STOOD IN BED!

OBEY THE LAW



WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU BOYS?
HAVE YOU GOT A USED DICTIONARY? ONE OF THEM FAT ONES, WAY UP THERE!
HERMAN, I BROUGHT YOUR SUPPER DOWN—OH, I'M SORRY!



HEY, JOE, LOOK! IT'S THE GUYS WIFE!
HELP, ROBBERS, POLICE!
GRAB HER, AN' SHUT HER UP!



WHAT THE @??? X IS THE MATTER WITH YA'? LET GO OF MY HAND, YA' YELLOW BELLED IDIOT! LET GO, OR I'LL KILL YA'!
I DON'T CARE! YER NOT SHOOT-IN' HER, YA' HEAR ME? GIMME THAT GUN, YA' TRIGGER HAPPY DOPE!



THERE! NOW BEAT IT IF YA' LIKE, BUT I AIN'T BEING GUEST OF HONOR TO NO HOT-SEAT PARTY!
I'LL GET YOU FOR TH--



THAT'S HIM, OFFICER! THAT'S HIM, OFFICER! THAT'S ONE OF THE ROBBERS!
STAND ASIDE, MRS. RAND, HE'S GOT A GUN! THERE'LL BE SHOOTIN'!
N-NO...I...D!
I CAN'T TALK! MY THROAT IS ALL CHOKED UP!



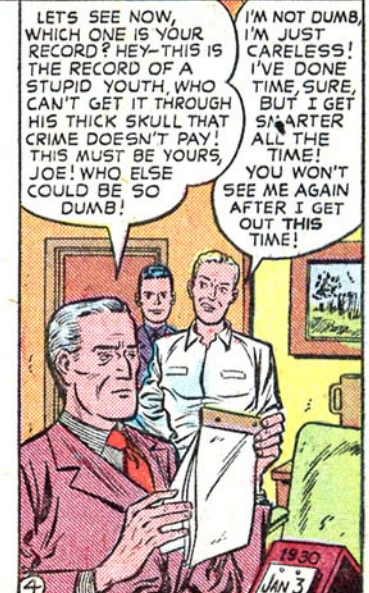
WHY DON'T I DROP THE GUN! HE'LL THINK I WANT TO SHOOT IT OUT—OHH!
THERE'S THE OTHER ONE, OFFICER!



HE'S DEAD!
HA-HA! SO YOU WERE FOUR YEARS SMARTER THAN ME, EH? DUMBER IS MORE LIKE IT! YOU WOULDN'T SHOOT, EH, DANNY? SO LOOK AT YOU, AN' LOOK AT ME!
NOBODY'LL LOOK AT YOU FOR A LONG TIME, LITTLE MAN! PUT OUT THOSE WRISTS!



CRIMINAL RECORD
JOE KRATZ, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.
FEB. 7, 1919. SHOP-LIFTING. RELEASED.
MARCH 8, 1919. PETTY THEFTERY. RELEASED.
MAY 16, 1919. PETTY THEFTERY. SUSPENDED.
JUNE 3, 1919. THEFTERY. CHICAGO REFORMATORY. ONE YEAR.
JULY 14, 1921. CARRYING CONCEALED WEAPON. CASE DISMISSED.
DEC. 4, 1921. SHOP-LIFTING. CHICAGO REFORMATORY. TWO YEARS.
NOV. 8, 1923. HOUSE-BREAKING. CHICAGO REFORMATORY. SIX MONTHS.
JUNE 14, 1924. GAMBLING. SUSPENDED SENTENCE.
SEPT. 21, 1924. ARMED ROBBERY. CHICAGO REFORMATORY. TWO YEARS.
NOV. 29, 1926. ARMED ROBBERY. ACCOMPLICE DANNY ROCCO KILLED. ILLINOIS PENITENTIARY. THREE YEARS.



LET'S SEE NOW, WHICH ONE IS YOUR RECORD? HEY—THIS IS THE RECORD OF A STUPID YOUTH, WHO CAN'T GET IT THROUGH HIS THICK SKULL THAT CRIME DOESN'T PAY! THIS MUST BE YOURS, JOE! WHO ELSE COULD BE SO DUMB!
I'M NOT DUMB, I'M JUST CARELESS! I'VE DONE TIME, SURE, BUT I GET SMARTER ALL THE TIME! YOU WON'T SEE ME AGAIN AFTER I GET OUT THIS TIME!

OBEY THE LAW

MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT! NOW THAT YOU'RE FREE, MAYBE YOU'LL GET WHAT YOUR PAL DANNY GOT, OR THE CHAIR! I'VE SEEN YOUR TYPE A HUNDRED TIMES! I DON'T SUPPOSE IT'S WORTH GIVING YOU ANY ADVICE! YOU WON'T LISTEN!

THE ONLY ADVICE I TAKE IS MINE! WHAT DOES A SCREW LIKE YOU, KNOW ABOUT LIVIN'? YOU'RE HOLED UP HERE JUST LIKE ANY CON- ONLY YOU'RE TOO DUMB TO KNOW IT!

HEY, MONK, YOU KNOW MOST OF THE OPERATORS AROUND HERE! WHO DOES A SMART GUY HOOK UP WITH, TO GET SOME OF THIS HEAVY SUGAR THAT'S BEING MADE IN WHOOPIE WATER?

BLINKY FLOWERS IS BUILDIN' UP HIS MOB! MY COUSIN CAN PUT YOU IN TOUCH WITH HIM! SHE'S BLINKY'S GAL! I'LL PUT IN THE GOOD WORD!

KATE, THIS IS JOE KRATZ, AN UP-AN'-COMIN' GUY, WHO WANTS TO TIE UP WITH AN UP-AN'-COMIN' MOB, LIKE BLINKY FLOWERS!

YOU'RE PRETTY YOUNG, SONNY BOY! HOW OLD ARE YOU, ANYWAY!

OLD ENOUGH TO SHOW YOU THE BEST TIME YOU EVER HAD, BEAUTIFUL! THAT IS, IF YOU HAVE NO OTHER COMMITMENTS!

HAVE A SMOKE - YOU KNOW I'M SURPRISED AT A SMART LOOKIN' GIRL LIKE YOU WORRYIN' ABOUT A GUYS AGE! SUPPOSE I TOLD YOU I WAS OLD ENOUGH TO COME INTO A MOB ON THE GROUND FLOOR, TAKE IT OVER, AN' DUMP IT IN THE LAP OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN CHICAGO AS HER WEDDING PRESENT! TOMATOES LIKE YOU GOTTA BE SERVED WITH LETTUCE, BABY!

I SHOULD'VE WARNED YOU, KATE, JOE'S A SUPER SALESMAN! HE'LL SELL YOU THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE, IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT!

SO I SEE - I'LL INTRODUCE THE CHILD WONDER TO BLINKY TONIGHT!

I CAN USE ONE OR TWO MORE TORPEDOES! I'LL GIVE YOU A TRIAL! YOU'LL RIDE MY TRUCKS - YOU'LL HI-JACK WITH THE BOYS, AN' SO ON! YOU'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO SHOW ME WHAT YOU KNOW! I'LL BE WATCHIN' YA'!

I'LL BE SHOWIN' YA' A LOT, BLINKY!

LIGHT, MISTER?

BANG! BANG! BANG!

OHHHHH!

JOE KRATZ'S BULLETS PLAYED A MAD STACCATO OF DEATH IN THE DAYS TO FOLLOW!

I BEEN WORKIN' WITH KRATZ FOR TWO MONTHS, BLINKY! I HATE HIS GUTS, BUT I GOTTA ADMIT HE'S A DEAD SHOT! HE'S SO STUPID MEAN, HE'S SCARED OF NOTHIN'!

OKAY! WE'LL KEEP HIM ON THE PAY ROLL! HEY, HAVE ANY OF YOU GUYS SEEN KATE LATELY? WHERE'S SHE HANGIN' OUT? I HAVEN'T SEEN HER IN A WEEK!

YOU MAY AS WELL KNOW IT NOW, BLINKY! EVERYBODY ELSE DOES! THE KID'S GOT THE INSIDE TRACK WITH KATE!

I NEVER LIKED KRATZ, BLINKY! HE'S TOO DARN STUCK ON HIMSELF! THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING! HE STARTS BY TAKING YOUR GAL AN' FINISHES BY TAKING YOUR MOB! WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO ABOUT IT?

I OUGHTA BE SORE AT YOU GUYS FOR NOT TIPPING ME OFF SOONER, BUT I AIN'T! I'D BE MISSIN' OUT ON THE FUN I'M ABOUT TO HAVE! JOE'S RIDIN' AROUND IN A HOT CAR, AIN'T HE?

POLICE? THERE'S A GUY DRIVIN' AROUND IN A STOLEN CAR! IT'S A GREEN SEDAN, LICENSE PLATE NUMBER 407K! YOU'LL FIND HIM AROUND EAST TENTH STREET!

HE THOUGHT HE WAS A BIG SHOT, DID HE? I'LL FIX THE DIRTY LITTLE CHISELER!

OBEY THE LAW



IT WAS BLINKY WHO DID IT, JOE! HE TOLD ME LAST NIGHT HOW HE HATED YOU!

ALL VISITORS OUT! YOUR TIME IS UP, LADY!

GIVE US JUST ANOTHER SECOND, WILL YA, GUARD? KATE, YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME FIX THAT CROSS-EYED *@!!?!!* WHEN I GET OUT!



Dear Joe:
It will be swell to have you out again. I've arranged a little party for just the three of us in my apartment at seven p.m. on the big day, February 27th. Try not to fail me. Your dear friend has promised to be there. Tell them, Kate

YOU BET!



IT'S SEVEN THIRTY! HE'S BEEN UP IN KATE'S APARTMENT FOR A HALF HOUR-AND WITHOUT HIS BODY GUARDS, LIKE SHE ASKED HIM TO!



GET SET, YA' PORK BARREL! YOU'RE GONNA BLINK YOUR WALL EYES FOR THE LAST TIME!

HOLD IT, JOE! WAIT! I'LL CUT YA' IN! YOU AN' I CAN BE PARTNERS!



I WOULDN'T BE YOUR PARTNER IF I WAS A PIG! CROAK, YA' @*?!!?...KATE, GIMME A ROD-QUICK! MINE IS JAMMED!

YEAH? BUT MINE ISN'T!

I CAN'T, JOE! I HAVEN'T GOT ONE!



YOU TWO-TIMIN', DOUBLE-CROSSIN' ALLEY CAT! YOU SHOULD BE LYIN' THERE WITH HIM!

HONEST, BLINKY! I DIDN'T KNOW HE'D COME! YOU GOTTA BELEIVE ME!



THIS LETTER TO HIM SAYS DIFFERENT! I'LL GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO SQUARE YOURSELF-HELP ME DUMP HIM IN THE LAKE!

SURE-SURE, BLINKY! THERE'S A TRUNK IN HERE! THEN WE CAN GET HIM DOWN TO THE LAKE IN YOUR CAR!



A TYPICAL GANG-LAND KILLING-IT'S JOE KRATZ-DEAD LIKE YESTERDAY'S NEWS-JUST ANOTHER DUMB SUCKER!

AND LIKE ALL THE REST OF THOSE INCORRIGIBLE YOUNG CROOKS- THEY ASK FOR IT, AND THEY GET IT!

FEB. 27, 1931
JOE KRATZ WAS SHOT TO DEATH! FLOWERS AND HIS GIRL FRIEND, KATE ROBBINS, WERE MURDERED IN A CICERO CABARET BY UNKNOWN GANGLAND ENEMIES, WHILE UNDER INVESTIGATION.

CASE CLOSED

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



THE TRUSTED KILLER

IT WAS nine days before Christmas. At the home of William J. Wayne, young secretary of the Friend Lumber Company, Salt Lake City, the prospects of a happy holiday were indeed favorable. The year 1901 had been profitable. Tonight, with the three children off to bed, Wayne and his wife lingered at the dinner table. Julia Wayne spoke with glowing warmth, as she told her husband of the day's preparations for the Christmas festivities.

"I bought some of the prettiest toys for the children," she said. "They'll be delivered tomorrow. . . ."

"And you stopped in to see Dad, I suppose." Wayne was speaking of his father-in-law, Bishop Charles Olds.

"Oh, yes," the wife replied. "Dad loves this season, too. He hopes to consolidate all the churches of the city this year in one great worship service on Christmas Eve."

Wayne started to reply, then glanced quickly at the banjo clock that hung on the dining room wall and rose hastily. "By Jimminy, I forgot, Julia! I rode home on the trolley with Mike Trumbull tonight. He'd been at the office just before closing time about paying his bill, and he asked if I'd stop off tonight at nine and collect."

His wife frowned slightly. "Is it a great deal to have in the house overnight? I mean, will it be safe, if he pays in cash?"

Wayne pursed his lips. "You know, John Friend asked the same question when Mike was in the office. It's almost four thousand dollars and he has the whole thing in twenty-dollar

gold pieces. Friend wanted me to call for it in the morning."

"Then, why don't you do that, Bill?" Julia Wayne asked anxiously.

Wayne laughed easily. "There will really be no danger," he said, "and on the trolley Mike



told me he had to leave in the morning at five to check on one of his out-of-town jobs."

Julia Wayne smiled and stifled a yawn. "If you don't mind, then," she said sleepily, "I'll go to bed. I'm terribly tired."

Bill Wayne stepped out into the crisp night air. As he closed the door, he could hear the banjo clock striking nine. The weather was clear and cold and the snow that had fallen recently was topped with a crust that crunched under the young business man's feet. He crossed the street and entered the path of

the Trumbull house. The cold treads of the porch steps gave a snapping sound under his weight.

Michael Trumbull opened his front door before Wayne reached the top step. He had on his workman's mackinaw and a heavy cap. He took Wayne's arm.

"Let's walk down the street," he said. "I want to talk with you, Bill."

"All right," Wayne said. He was surprised, but he had known Trumbull for many years and so he suspected nothing.

The two men walked in silence for a while, their steps leading in the direction of the railroad tracks. Wayne waited for Trumbull to speak first. It was some time before the contractor uttered a word. Then he asked: "You brought the receipt, Bill?"

"Signed and right here in my pocket," replied Wayne.

Trumbull took a footpath off the main road that led down by a swamp near the tracks. Finally Michael Trumbull spoke again.

"You know, I'm sorry to cause you this trouble," Trumbull said at last.

"Well, it's no trouble to collect four thousand dollars," Wayne laughed.

The place was lonely now. When Trumbull spoke again, there was an awful tenseness in his voice. "But you're not going to collect it, Bill," the contractor replied.

Wayne started. "Well, good heavens, Mike, if you haven't got it, why did you bring me out tonight? Why did you ask me

to sign a receipt?"

Trumbull's answer was the blast and flash of a gun, the boring heat of a lead slug piercing the bone of Wayne's skull, the sharp odor of burnt powder. Wayne did not cry out. He was dead before he hit the ground.

Trumbull searched the dead man's clothing and extracted the receipt. He checked it and even in the darkness could make out the ink line on the bottom that was Wayne's signature. Then Trumbull lifted the body to his shoulders and threw it over the barbed wire fence, where it landed in the snow behind some scrub brush.

Without waiting, Trumbull retraced his steps to his barn, obtained a shovel, returned to the scene of the murder and buried his victim.

As he entered his house again, the awful thing he had done almost overcame him. But he couldn't face bankruptcy, he thought, and saving that four thousand would put him back on his feet until he could get himself into better financial shape.

He went upstairs and washed his hands. Then he changed his shirt and inspected it for signs of blood. There were none, nor were there any on any of his other clothing. His wife had retired and he went to her bedside. Trumbull considered himself a devout man. He said: "If you learn that something has

happened to Bill Wayne, Estelle, don't breathe a word. Come now, and pray with me." Husband and wife knelt beside the bed and Trumbull prayed as he never had prayed before. And all the while his wife trembled in fear of some impending terror.

The next morning, Michael Trumbull, white faced and excited, entered the offices of the Friend Lumber Company. His voice was husky as he spoke to John Friend.

"John," he whispered, "has Bill Wayne come to the office?"

John Friend started. "I'm worried, Mike," he said. "His wife phoned and said he had gone

Trumbull shook his head sadly. "It is my fault, John. I placed temptation in his path!"

"Good grief, man!" Friend exclaimed. "Surely you don't think that for a mere four thousand . . ."

Trumbull shook his head sadly. "There could have been other things," he said. "Women, gambling." He waited for the words to sink in. "All I know," he continued, "is that, after your telling him not to get the money until this morning, he came to my house last night and said that you wanted the gold transferred to your house. **LAST NIGHT.**"

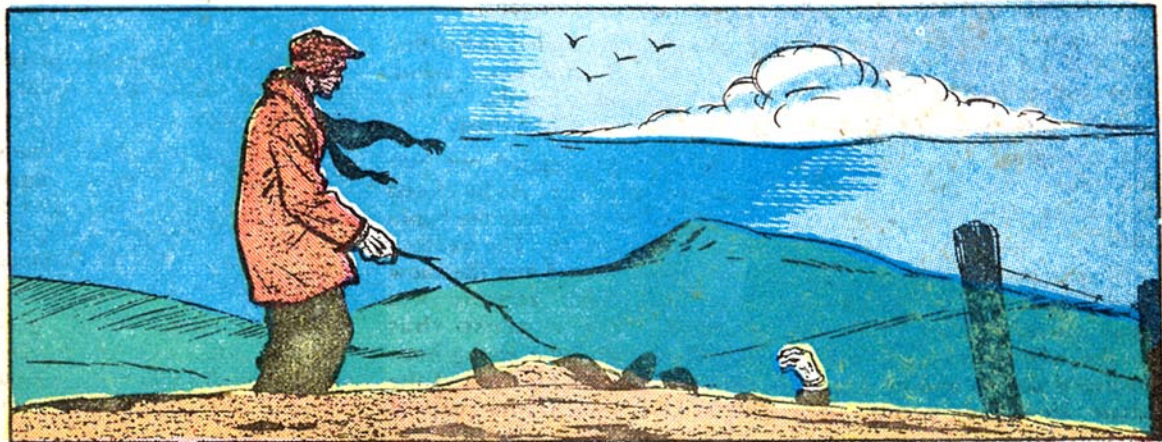
"I gave no such orders," said Friend quickly. The head of the firm seemed to grow ten years older in the few minutes he spoke with Trumbull. "Mike, this is a job for the police."

At the police station, Trumbull, aided by the unwitting John Friend, gave an excited account of what seemed to be a flagrant case of robbery. "I even told Bill NOT to get the money last night. Specifically," said the president of the lumber company. "Why . . . why would he do it?"

Chief of Police Howard Phelan shook his head sadly. "Strangely enough, John," he told Friend, "we just got word today that Mina Lambert also is missing. The two may tie in together."



out to collect some money last night from you and had not returned."



The lumberman gasped. "No! That girl is bad! She has an awful reputation!"

The chief nodded. "It's hard to believe, John. But I've seen many strange things happen in my business. I dread speaking to Mrs. Wayne about this, but I'll have to."

Needless to say, both Julia Wayne and her father, Bishop Olds, were heartbroken. And needless to say, neither one placed a bit of faith in the suspicions of the police. "He's met with foul play," insisted the sad cleric. "Terribly foul play, I know."

Then, a few days later, justice began to break through the mists. A young man named Samuel Franklin, walking on the trail near the swamp, noticed a mound of fresh dirt. Digging with a stick, he uncovered the victim's foot. The house nearest, two lots away, was that of Michael Trumbull. Samuel Franklin, excited and out of breath, pounded on the Trumbull door. Michael Trumbull answered.

"I've found a body!" he gasped.

Trumbull took the news calmly. "Wait, I'll get a spade and follow you over there, after I notify the police."

What happened after that illustrates how futile is the covering of a crime. Police learned almost at once that the body was that of Bill Wayne, and that he had been murdered by shooting.

The first bit of evidence



against Trumbull grew from the fact that the very shovel Michael Trumbull used to uncover the body matched exactly the

spade marks at the bottom of the frozen grave, which had been dug earlier.

Then footprints matching Trumbull's shoes were found. Little things they were, not conclusive in their evidence. But each little thing tied in with something else, making the whole picture startling. Trumbull was placed under arrest. Mrs. Trumbull, frightened, took her children and went to live with her sister. Then the police noticed that during the time of Trumbull's imprisonment, his wife did not come to see him, nor did he express a desire to see her. They did not like it.

Then, Mrs. Trumbull, overwrought by a premonition of disaster, slept fitfully and said strange things in her sleep. On questioning, she broke down and told what her husband had said the night of the murder.

It all added up to bring in a verdict of "Guilty of Murder in The First Degree," against Trumbull. He had a choice of being hanged or shot. He chose to face the firing squad and did so on November 20, 1903. It cost Trumbull his life to save four thousand dollars. **CRIME DOES NOT PAY!**

THE END

SPEAK UP!

JUST AS IN CRIME DOES NOT PAY, ONE PAGE OF THIS MAGAZINE WILL BE YOUR PAGE! IT WILL BE DEVOTED ENTIRELY TO YOUR IDEAS, OPINIONS AND SUGGESTIONS! \$2.00 WILL BE PAID TO THE WRITER OF EACH LETTER PUBLISHED! ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO CRIME AND PUNISHMENT, 114 EAST 32nd STREET, NEW YORK 16, N.Y. PLEASE TRY TO LIMIT LETTERS TO ABOUT 50 WORDS! ALL LETTERS BECOME THE PROPERTY OF LEV GLEASON PUBLICATIONS, INC., AND WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO EDIT SAME!

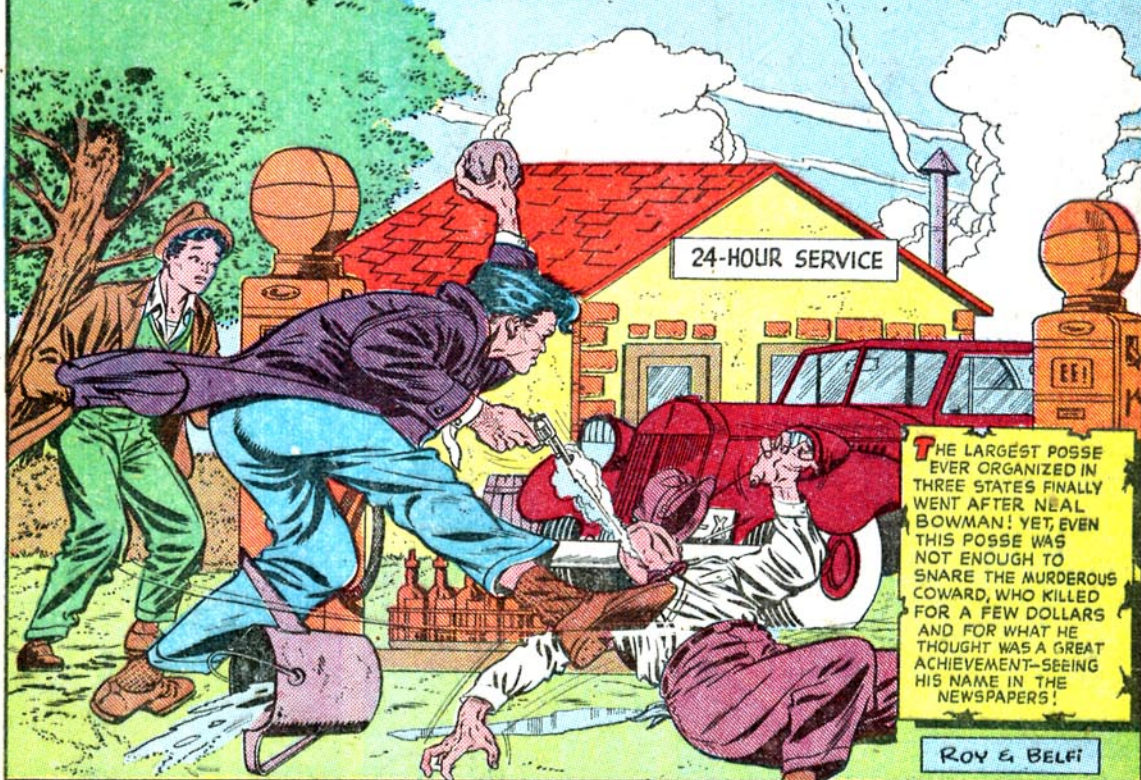
SO SPEAK UP!

DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF CRIME

NEAL BOWMAN

A TRUE CRIME STORY

EACH NEW GENERATION BRINGS WITH IT A DIFFERENT TYPE OF YOUTHFUL CRIMINAL-BOWMAN'S STORY IS REPRESENTATIVE OF THE "WILD YOUTH" OF THE EARLY THIRTIES!



THE LARGEST POSSE EVER ORGANIZED IN THREE STATES FINALLY WENT AFTER NEAL BOWMAN! YET, EVEN THIS POSSE WAS NOT ENOUGH TO SNARE THE MURDEROUS COWARD, WHO KILLED FOR A FEW DOLLARS AND FOR WHAT HE THOUGHT WAS A GREAT ACHIEVEMENT-SEEING HIS NAME IN THE NEWSPAPERS!

ROY & BELFI

AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN, NEAL BOWMAN HAD ALREADY CONCEIVED HIS OWN PARTICULAR FORMULA FOR SUCCESS!



LOOK ON THE PORCH, NEAL! SEEMS AS IF BEN CARTER HAS THE INSIDE TRACK WITH LYDIA! I THOUGHT YOU TOLD ME SHE WAS SWEET ON YOU?

AW, THAT BANK CLERK AND HIS TWO-BIT BOX OF CANDY DON'T WORRY ME NONE! WATCH ME TAKE CARE OF HIM!



HELLO-LYDIA! WHERE DID YOU GET THE CANDY? PHOOEY, STALE CANDIES- THEY SMELL- THROW 'EM AWAY! YOU WOULDN'T EAT THAT JUNK, WOULD YA, LYDIA?

SAY, WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

NEAL!



OH-HI, BEN! WHERE DID YOU COME FROM? HAVE YOU BEEN STANDING HERE ALL THIS TIME?

BEN, PLEASE DO ME A FAVOR AND RUN ALONG, AND THANKS ANYWAY FOR THE CANDY!

OBEY THE LAW



HEY, BEN, YOU'RE NOT GONNA LET NEAL CHASE YA', ARE YOU? IF YA' LIKE THE GAL, WHY DON'T YOU FIGHT FOR HER?

SO-LONG, BEN! MAYBE I'LL BE SEENIN' YA' ON BUSINESS SOMETIME! MAYBE I'LL PUT SOME MONEY IN YOUR BANK, OR MAYBE I'LL TAKE SOME OUT!



NEAL BOWMAN, OF ALL THE LOW-DOWN TRICKS - WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, ANYWAY?

I'M THE GUY WHO GOES FOR YOU IN A BIG WAY, BABY! WITH ME IT'S KNOWIN' WHAT YOU WANT, AN' TAKING IT! THAT'S THE KIND OF STUFF THAT GOT NAPOLEON INTO BIG TIME!



I'M HEADED FOR THE TOP, LYDIA! I'VE GOT A FUTURE, AN' MAYBE-IF I STILL GO FOR YA', YOU CAN FIT INTO MY LIFE! SORT OF LIKE NAPOLEON AN' JOSEPHINE - COURSE YOU'LL HAVE TO WISE UP MORE!

NAPOLEON'S JOSEPHINE! OH, NEAL, YOU MEAN YOU WANT ME TO BE YOUR GIRL? OH, NEAL - I'LL BE WHATEVER YOU WANT ME TO BE!

AFTER 3 YEARS OF KNOWING WHAT HE WANTED - AND TAKING IT IN A SMALL WAY, NEAL BOWMAN, IN 1929, FINISHED SERVING HIS APPRENTICESHIP OF FELONIES!

WHAT DO YOU THINK, NED? THINK THE KID IS RIPE ENOUGH FOR THE BIG-TIME? THEY STILL CAN GET MIGHTY SQUEAMISH AT TWENTY!

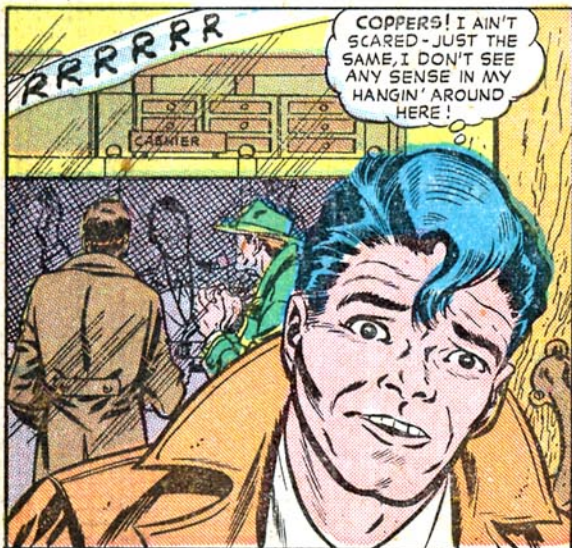
LAY OFF THE AGE STUFF, TIM! ALL I'M ASKING IS A HAND IN THE GAME! A CHANCE TO PROVE MYSELF TO YOU MUGS!

OF COURSE, IF YOU THINK TALENT IS LIMITED TO THOSE OVER THIRTY FIVE-

OKAY, NEAL, WE'LL LET YOU TAKE A CRACK AT IT! WE WERE THINKIN' ABOUT DOING A JOB IN WEST VIRGINIA! THERE'S A BANK THERE THAT OUGHTA BE GOOD PRACTICE FOR A NEW HAND! YOU'RE IN, KID!

HOW DO YOU FEEL, NEAL? HANDS COLD AND CLAMMY, MOUTH FULL OF FLANNEL?

YOU MEAN AM I SCARED? NAW, WHAT'S THERE TO BE SCARED ABOUT - A PRACTICE SCRIMMAGE WITH A BUNCH OF YOKELS!



COPPERS! I AIN'T SCARED - JUST THE SAME, I DON'T SEE ANY SENSE IN MY HANGIN' AROUND HERE!



LET NED AND TIM FIGHT IT OUT! NO REASON WHY ALL THREE OF US SHOULD TAKE A FLOP AT ONCE!

OBEY THE LAW



I OVERRATED THOSE BURGESS BROTHERS, ANYWAY! JEEPS, THE WAY THEY OPERATE, I COULD LEARN NOTHIN' FROM THEM! SAY, I ALMOST FORGOT I HAVE A BROTHER OF MY OWN, JUST ITCHING FOR ME TO TEACH HIM A FEW THINGS!



I DON'T THINK YOU'RE GONNA SEE MUCH OF YOUR PALS, THE BURGESS BROTHERS, ANYMORE, NEAL! THE BULLS PICKED THEM UP! IT SAYS HERE THERE WAS ANOTHER GUY IN ON IT, BUT HE GOT AWAY!

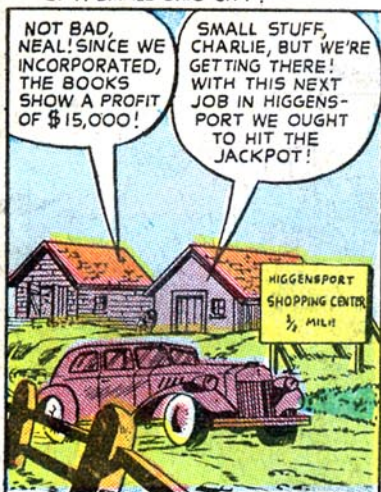
THEY DID ALRIGHT AS A BROTHER TEAM WHILE THEY LASTED! I'VE BEEN THINKIN' CHARLIE, WE'RE SMARTER THAN THEY WERE, WHY DON'T WE TEAM UP!



THE WAY I LOOK AT IT, IF WE WORK OUR CARDS RIGHT, YOU AN' ME CAN GO STRAIGHT TO THE TOP OF THE HEAP! WE'LL SHOW THE OTHERS IN OUR RACKET! WHAT DO YOU SAY? LET'S DRINK TO THE NEW TEAM, THE BOWMANS!

I'M WITH YOU ALL THE WAY, BIG BROTHER!

A YEAR LATER, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A SMALL OHIO CITY!



NOT BAD, NEAL! SINCE WE INCORPORATED, THE BOOKS SHOW A PROFIT OF \$15,000!

SMALL STUFF, CHARLIE, BUT WE'RE GETTING THERE! WITH THIS NEXT JOB IN HIGGENSPORT WE OUGHT TO HIT THE JACKPOT!



ALRIGHT - IN CASE YOU DON'T ALREADY KNOW, THIS IS A STICK-UP! EVERYBODY STAY PUT WHERE THEY ARE!

I KNOW THOSE TWO! THEY'RE THE BOWMAN BROTHERS! I'VE SEEN THEIR PICTURES IN THE POST OFFICE!



IN JUST FOUR HOURS THE POLICE WERE CLOSING IN ON THE TWO BROTHERS!

WHAT ARE YOU BELLY-ACHING ABOUT! HOW ELSE CAN YOU MAKE \$26,000 IN ONE DAY!

THAT PART'S SWELL, BUT WHAT ABOUT THOSE POSSE HOUNDS AFTER US? I TOLD YOU NOT TO DITCH THE CAR, BUT NO, YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN!



I'M SCARED GREEN, NEAL! THOSE HOUNDS ARE RIGHT ON TOP OF US! THEY'LL CHEW US TO PIECES! WHY DON'T YOU START SHOOTIN'?

TAKE IT EASY, CHARLIE! THIS IS NO TIME TO LOSE OUR HEADS! WE DON'T WANT TO GET BUMPED OFF!



WE HAVE THE THICKET SURROUNDED WITH 20 MEN! BETTER GIVE UP, BOWMAN!

DON'T DO IT, NEAL! IF THEY CATCH US NOW, THEY'LL THROW THE BOOK AT US!

SO WHAT? EVEN IF WE DRAW 50 YEARS, THERE'S ALWAYS AN EXIT FROM PRISON!



I HEREBY SENTENCE BOTH OF YOU TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT!

LIFERS! WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THAT, SMART GUY!

JUST WHAT I SAID BEFORE, THERE'S ALWAYS A WAY OUT OF STIR!

OBEY THE LAW

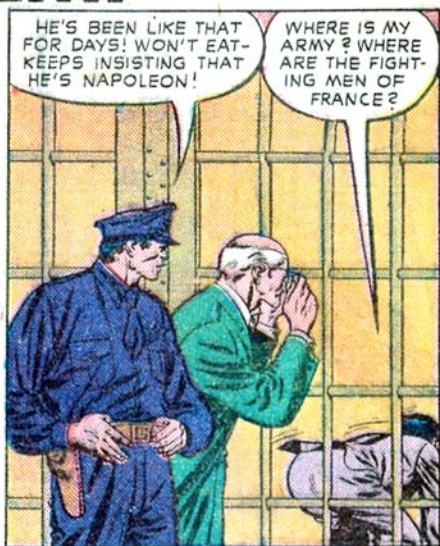


RELAX, NAPOLEON, YA MIGHT EVEN GET TO LIKE THIS JOINT, SAME AS ME, AFTER 20 YEARS!

YEAH? THREE YEARS OF THIS JOINT HAVE DRAGGED LIKE A HUNDRED! ANOTHER SIX MONTHS AND I'LL BE NUTTY AS A FRUITCAKE!

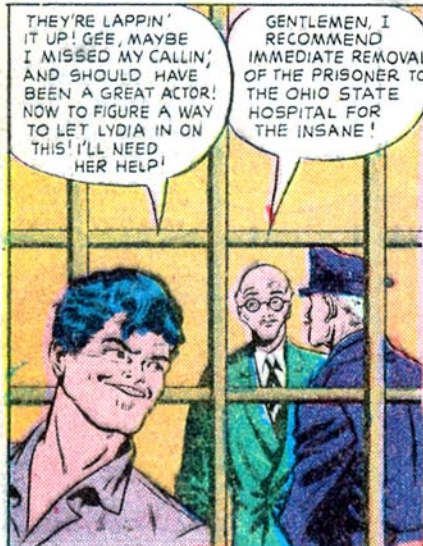


NUTTY-NAPOLEON—WHAT AN IDEA! A DOLLAR GETS ME FIFTY I COULD BUST OUT OF A BUG-HOUSE! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT BEFORE!



HE'S BEEN LIKE THAT FOR DAYS! WON'T EAT—KEEPS INSISTING THAT HE'S NAPOLEON!

WHERE IS MY ARMY? WHERE ARE THE FIGHTING MEN OF FRANCE?



THEY'RE LAPPIN' IT UP! GEE, MAYBE I MISSED MY CALLIN' AND SHOULD HAVE BEEN A GREAT ACTOR! NOW TO FIGURE A WAY TO LET LYDIA IN ON THIS! I'LL NEED HER HELP!

GENTLEMEN, I RECOMMEND IMMEDIATE REMOVAL OF THE PRISONER TO THE OHIO STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE!



I'M WRITING FOR A FRIEND OF YOURS, NEAL BOWMAN! HE MOVED TO THE STATE COO-COO HOUSE! HE ASKED ME, JUST BEFORE HE LEFT, TO TELL YOU THAT IF YOU WANT TO GIVE HIM A PRESENT FOR CHRISTMAS, MAKE HIM ONE OF YOUR SPECIAL FRUIT CAKES! HIS EX-CELL MATE—JOE!

WHAT'S HE TALKING ABOUT! I NEVER MADE A FRUIT CAKE IN MY LIFE! AND THERE WAS NOTHING THE MATTER WITH NEAL WHEN I SAW HIM LAST WEEK! OH, NOW I THINK I'M BEGINNING TO SEE THE LIGHT!



THEN ON CHRISTMAS DAY OF 1933!

WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THERE, MISS?

JUST A FRUIT CAKE! MY COUSIN ALWAYS LOVED THE WAY I MADE THEM! I THOUGHT MAYBE IT WOULD HELP HIM REMEMBER WHO HE IS!



SO YOU CAUGHT WISE, LYDIA! GOOD GIRL! WITH WHAT'S INSIDE OF THAT CAKE, I'LL BE OUT OF HERE IN A FEW DAYS AND THEN I'LL MAKE IT UP TO YOU!

NEAL, ONCE YOU'RE OUT, YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE IT EASY! PROMISE ME—PLEASE, NEAL!



I'M GOING TO DO ALL THE THINGS I EVER WANTED TO DO, PRETTY FACE! I FEEL A HUNDRED TIMES STRONGER THAN I EVER DID! NOTHIN'S GONNA SLOW ME DOWN! I'M GETTIN' OUT OF HERE AND MAKING HEADLINES OVER-NIGHT! I'LL BE FAMOUS—YOU'LL SEE! THAT'S WHAT I'M DYING FOR! FAME—JUST LIKE A STARVING MAN IS DYING FOR FOOD!



AND A SHORT TIME AFTER BOWMAN'S ESCAPE FROM THE OHIO HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE ...

YOU'RE REALLY CRAZY, NEAL! THOSE THREE KIDS YOU PICKED UP AREN'T OLD ENOUGH TO ROB A NEWS-STAND!

GET WISE, LYDIA! SAME AS ME, THEY'RE GETTIN' TRAINED YOUNG TO THE SMELL OF BLOOD AN' BATTLE! AND THIS TIME THERE'S GOING TO BE PLENTY OF BLOOD!

OBEY THE LAW



SURE, NEAL, LIKE YOU SAY-WE'RE GETTING OUR BIG BREAK FROM YOU! AND HITCHED TO THE WAGON OF A WIZARD, WE'RE GOING TO BE INSPIRED!

THAT'S THE STUFF FRANK! AND FIRST OFF, FOR A CONDITIONER, WE'RE DOING A STICK-UP JOB - A PLACE CALLED KAUFMAN'S GENERAL STORE!



HELLO, HICK! WHAT'S IN THE TILL FOR A COUPLE OF NEDDY STRANGERS?

W-WHY, NOTHING.. NOTHING AT ALL!



NEAL, YOU KILLED HIM, JUST FOR A FEW BUCKS!

SURE-A FEW BUCKS, AND HEAD-LINES!



YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO PLUG HIM, NEAL! I DIDN'T WANT TO HAVE NO PART OF MURDER!

SQUIRTS WHO TALK LIKE YOU ARE APT TO BE DANGEROUS! YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK, FRANK-I THINK YOU'RE SCARED!



BUT YOU'RE LUCKY, FRANK! YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE AFRAID ANYMORE!

NEAL! I DIDN'T MEAN ANYTH- OHHH!



HOW ABOUT YOU-GOT ANY SQUAWKS?

YOU'RE THE BOSS! YOU WARNED US LEARNING WAS SOMETIMES TOUGH-BUT I GUESS WE DIDN'T KNOW HOW TOUGH, UNTIL NOW!

THEN ON MARCH 12, FOUR DAYS AFTER THE MURDER OF THE STORE KEEPER, GEORGE KAUFMAN...

HA, WHAT'D I TELL YA! FAME, HEADLINES! BUT THEY'RE NOT BIG ENOUGH FOR ME-THEY GOTTA PRINT 'EM IN BIG RED LETTERS!

NEAL DOESN'T KNOW IT, BUT I'M THROUGH! HE REALLY THINKS HE IS NAPOLEON NOW! WELL, HE CAN FIND HIMSELF ANOTHER JOSEPHINE!



NEAL, I DON'T LIKE THE WAY YOUR DOLL WALKED OUT OF HERE! MAYBE SHE'S LEAVIN' YA!

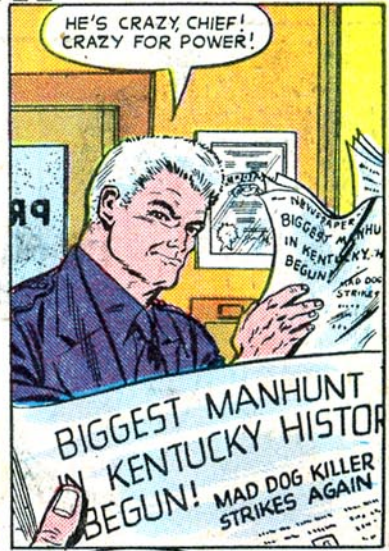
LEAVE ME? LEAVE THE BIG SHOT, WHO'S GOIN' TO BE LABELED FROM COAST TO COAST AS "THE MAD DOG KILLER"! GET THE CAR OUT! LET'S MAKE SOME MORE HEADLINES!

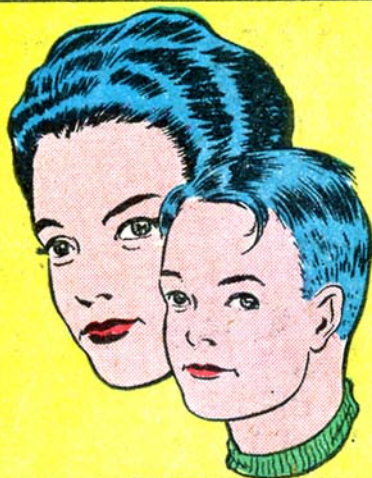


WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, MISTER? FILL 'ER UP-

REALLY WANT TO DO SOMETHING FOR ME? THEN DROP DEAD!

OBEY THE LAW





MOTHER KNOWS BEST!

"CRIME DOES NOT PAY" DOES PAY! IT PAYS OFF BIG DIVIDENDS IN HONESTY, TRUTH AND RESPECT FOR LAW AND ORDER—IN BETTER CITIZENS OF TOMORROW! WHAT GOOD DOES PUNISHMENT TO A CRIMINAL DO IF WOULD-BE CRIMINALS DON'T HEAR ABOUT IT! FEAR IS THE ONLY LANGUAGE SOME OF THEM UNDERSTAND! THEY MUST BE MADE TO FEAR AND RESPECT THE LAW! C.D.N.P. STRIKES AT THE ROOTS OF THE WOULD-BE CRIMINAL! IT BLASTS THROUGH HIS FALSE SHELL OF TOUGHNESS WITH VIVID PROOF THAT CRIME IS A LOSING GAME!

EVERYONE IN MY FAMILY READS "CRIME DOES NOT PAY". IT TEACHES ALL OF US A WONDERFUL LESSON. I READ IT TO MY BOYS WHO ARE SEVEN AND EIGHT, AND YOUNG AS THEY ARE, THEY UNDERSTAND THE FULL MEANING OF "CRIME DOES NOT PAY." IT TEACHES MANY CHILDREN THE FUTILITY OF CRIME AND THE PENALTY OF IT.

SINCERELY,
MRS. ALFRED JOHNSON
BANGOR, MICHIGAN

I AM A HOUSEWIFE WITH TWO CHILDREN. AMONG THE MANY BOOKS THEY BUY, THEIR FAVORITE IS "CRIME DOES NOT PAY". I FAVOR IT AS A GOOD PUBLICATION FOR ALL CHILDREN AND A GOOD GUARDIAN OF THEIR FUTURE.

MRS. HELEN DAIDONE
5044 GARVIN
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

FOR SUCH A FINE COMIC BOOK, I OFFER MY MOST SINCERE THANKS. WHAT BETTER WAY IS THERE TO IMPRESS UPON YOUNG AMERICA'S MIND THAT CRIME DOES NOT PAY?

SINCERELY,
MRS. GLORIA BISHOP
MT. CLEMENS, MICH.

I AM THE MOTHER OF SEVEN CHILDREN OF WHICH FIVE ARE BOYS. THEY BUY "CRIME DOES NOT PAY" EVERY MONTH AND READ IT THREE OR FOUR TIMES BEFORE GIVING IT TO THE BOY NEXT DOOR. I THINK YOUR MAGAZINE WILL KEEP THEIR MINDS CLEAN AT ALL TIMES.

MRS. NELLIE SMITH
HUNTINGTON, W. VA.

I AM A YOUNG HOUSEWIFE AND MOTHER AND I TRULY BELIEVE IF MORE MOTHERS WOULD READ SUCH BOOKS AS "CRIME DOES NOT PAY", THEY COULD TAKE HINTS FROM IT ON HOW TO HELP THEIR OWN CHILDREN BECOME TRUE AMERICANS AND NOT KILLERS AND CRIME DEALERS. I FOR ONE, CAN SEE JUST BY READING YOUR BOOKS WHAT A CHILD SHOULD NOT DO AND HOW TO HELP OUR CHILDREN STAY CLEAN AND CLEAR OF CRIME AND BE 100% PURE AMERICAN GIRLS AND BOYS.

MRS. F. E. FARLEY
HAVERHILL, N. H.

THESE ARE ONLY A FEW OF THE INNUMERABLE LETTERS WE, THE EDITORS OF CRIME DOES NOT PAY MAGAZINE, CONTINUALLY RECEIVE FROM MOTHERS WHO ARE OF THE SAME OPINION! COUNTLESS MOTHERS CAN'T BE WRONG! MOTHER KNOWS BEST!

WHILE THEY LAST



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DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF CRIME

PLAGUE OF PARIS

A TRUE CRIME STORY



HE KILLED WANTONLY, FOR TO HIM, MURDER WAS MERELY A MEANS TO MONEY! HE MEASURED HUMAN LIFE BY A YARDSTICK OF COIN, AND THE OVERPOWERING GREED THAT POSSESSED HIM IMPULSED HIM TO BECOME "THE PLAGUE OF PARIS"!



TELL ME, LE MOIGNE, WHY DO PEOPLE KILL? WHAT IS THERE ABOUT THE CRIMINAL MIND THAT CAUSES A MAN TO COMMIT MURDER!

A GOOD QUESTION, DUMONT, BUT A HARD ONE TO ANSWER!



EVEN AFTER ALL MY YEARS WITH THE SURETE, I STILL DO NOT UNDERSTAND THE CRIMINAL BRAIN! THEY KILL... FOR REVENGE, MONEY, FOR ANYTHING --- BUT THEN, WHAT?

YOU SHUN YOUR FELLOWMEN LEST THEY DISCOVER YOUR GUILTY SECRET! YOU WORRY THAT SOMETHING, SOME LITTLE UNFORSEEN THING, WILL GIVE YOU AWAY! YOU NEVER AGAIN SLEEP IN UNTRUBLED PEACE! LET ME ILLUSTRATE!



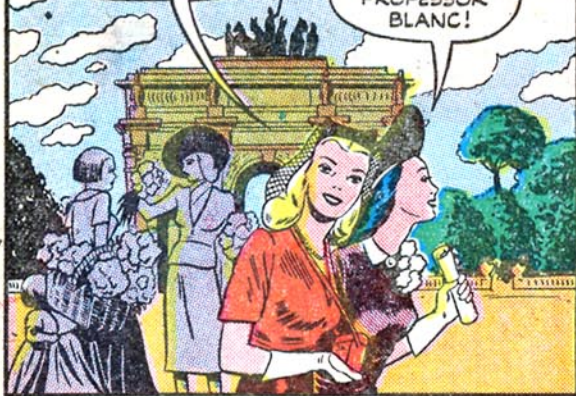
by FRED CLARKNER

OBEY THE LAW

SHE WAS YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL, AND IT WAS HER FIRST VISIT TO PARIS...

HAVEN'T THESE FEW DAYS IN PARIS BEEN THRILLING, AUNTIE?

THEY HAVE, DEAR! NOW WE'LL HAVE TO HURRY AND CALL ON PROFESSOR BLANC!



ONE DAY, THE WORLD MIGHT APPLAUD HER GRACE AS SHE TRIPPED ON STAGE...

PLEASE TELL PROFESSOR BLANC, THE DANCING TEACHER, THAT JEAN KERWIN IS HERE!

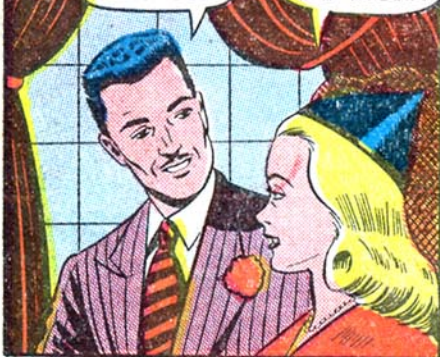
MAIS, MAD-EMOISELLE, I NO COMPREE ANGLEESH!



...BUT NOW, SHE WAS YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL, AND SHE DIDN'T KNOW SHE'D SOON BECOME—"THE MISSING DANCER"!

PARDON ME! IF YOU'D LIKE ME TO TRANSLATE FOR YOU!

OH, THANK YOU! I WISH YOU WOULD!



...THAT EVENING, SHE WROTE IN HER DIARY...



*Dear Diary—
I met the nicest man today! He's German, and so well educated! Tomorrow I'm to see his villa in St. Cloud, near the mansion Napoleon built for Josephine—*

...AND SO, NEXT MORNING...

GOODBYE, DEAR! HAVE A NICE TIME, AND COME BACK EARLY!

I WILL, AUNTIE!



...BUT JEAN DIDN'T COME BACK!

FOUR IN THE MORNING—WHERE CAN SHE BE?

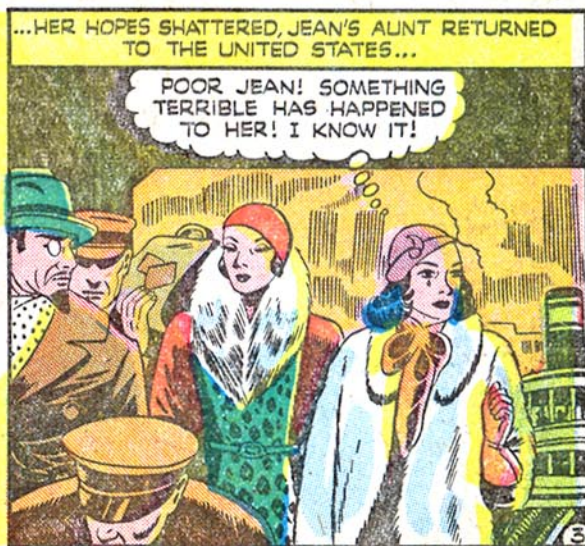


THE NEXT DAY, WHILE JEAN'S AUNT ANXIOUSLY WAITED...

FOR YOU, MADAM! IT CAME BY POST!



OBEY THE LAW



OBEY THE LAW

...UNOFFICIALLY, THE CASE OF JEAN KERWIN WAS CLOSED! TODAY, IN THE LIGHT OF EVENTS, I COULD NOT SAY WHY...

LE MOIGNE, WE MUST CONSIDER THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE GIRL A CLOSED MATTER! FOR THE TIME BEING WE CAN WASTE NO MORE OF OUR TIME SEARCHING FOR A PHANTOM!

I'M SURE IF WE KEEP LOOKING, WE'LL FIND SOME CLUE! THERE MUST BE SOMETHING!



...THEN, IN RAPID SUCCESSION AROUND PARIS...

PARBLEU!

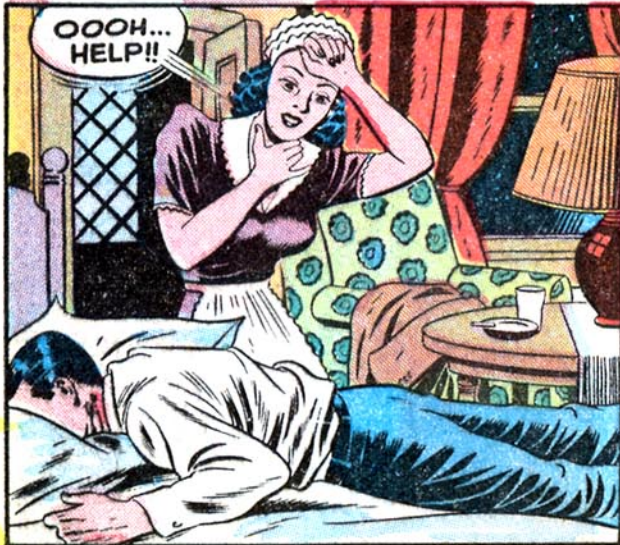


EEE!

OOH!



OOOH... HELP!!



...PARIS WAS FRANTIC, AND SO WAS THE DEPARTMENT...

MON DIEU! LE MOIGNE, THERE IS A MADMAN LOOSE! WE MUST FIND HIM BEFORE HE KILLS MORE IN THE CITY!

WHAT HAVE WE TO GO BY, CHIEF?



OBEY THE LAW

...THERE WAS JUST ONE CLUE...

THIS VISITING CARD WAS FOUND NEAR ONE OF THE BODIES!

THEY WERE ALL SHOT THROUGH THE NECK AND ROBBED, AND WE HAVE JUST THIS CARD?

...A BLOODSTAINED CALLING CARD...

M. GEORGES GAUTHIER
16 RUE DAUPHIN

...I BEGAN MY HUNT!

M. GAUTHIER? HE HAS BEEN IN NICE FOR THE LAST MONTH! HE IS STAYING AT THE HOTEL CHARLEMAGNE!

A HASTY PHONE CALL TO NICE, AND...

YES, IT IS MY CARD! THE LAST ONE I RECALL GIVING AWAY, I GAVE TO MY NEPHEW, PIERRE ROBLAY, WHO LIVES HERE IN PARIS!

M. ROBLAY HAS LEFT HERE, MESSIEURS! HE HAS MOVED TO 18 RUE BARAT, IN ST. CLOUD!

THEN IT DAWNED ON ME...

ST. CLOUD! THIS MAY BE THE ANSWER, NOT ONLY TO THE KILLINGS, BUT ALSO TO JEAN KERWIN! LET US HURRY, JACQUES!

M. ROBLAY LIVES HERE, BUT HE HASN'T BEEN HOME FOR DAYS! HE MAY BE STAYING WITH A FRIEND, A GERMAN, WHO VISITS HIM FREQUENTLY! WOULD YOU CARE TO LOOK AT HIS ROOM?

HAS HE DONE SOMETHING, MESSIEURS? IS HE WANTED?

OBEY THE LAW

I INSTRUCTED JACQUES...
NOT MUCH THERE, JACQUES, BUT CHECK ALL OF ST. CLOUD! FIND A GERMAN ANSWERING THE DESCRIPTION SHE GAVE US! HE PROBABLY LIVES ALONE!

...AND LATER THAT DAY...
M. LE MOIGNE! I HAVE FOUND ONE ANSWERING THE DESCRIPTION! I WILL SHOW YOU HIS HOUSE!
COME ON, JACQUES!

THIS IS THE HOUSE! BUT THERE IS NO ONE AT HOME!
LET'S TRY A WINDOW!

...WE GAMBLERD ON A CHANCE...
IF THIS ISN'T THE MAN WE WANT, JACQUES, WE'RE IN FOR TROUBLE!

NOTHING AT ALL, JACQUES-- LET'S TRY THE CELLAR!

THAT EARTH IS FRESHLY DUG, JACQUES! LET'S GET TO WORK!

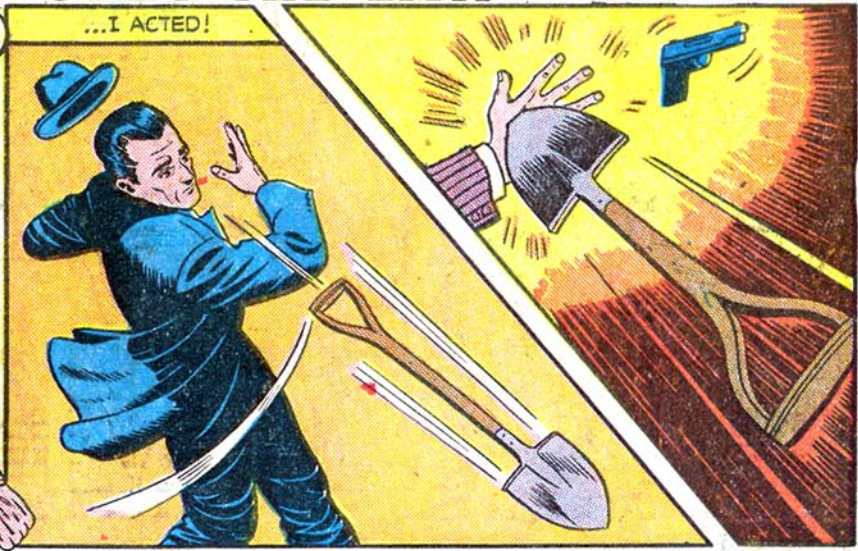
MON DIEU! A CORPSE!
IT'S ROBLAY! JACQUES, WE HAVE IT!
HAVE YOU FOUND SOMETHING, GENTLEMEN?

OBEY THE LAW

I'M AFRAID YOU GENTLEMEN HAVE DISCOVERED MY LITTLE SECRET!



...I ACTED!



ASSASSIN!!

OHH!!



I'M AFRAID I LOST MY HEAD...

WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF JEAN KERWIN?
WHERE IS SHE?



...BUT HE TALKED!

I..IN TH..THE
G..GARDEN!



TAKE CARE OF
HIM, JACQUES!

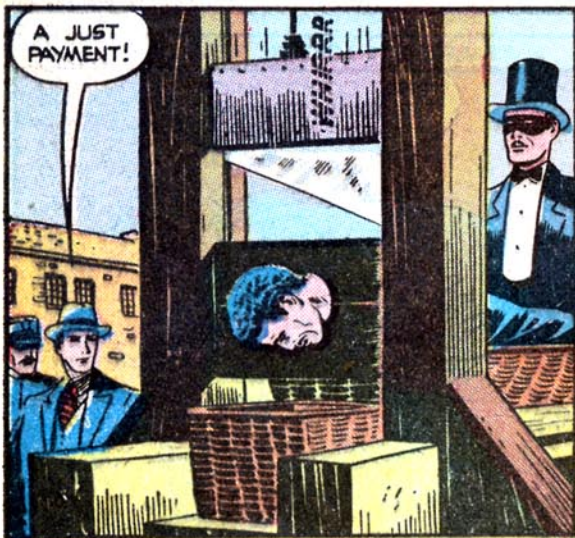
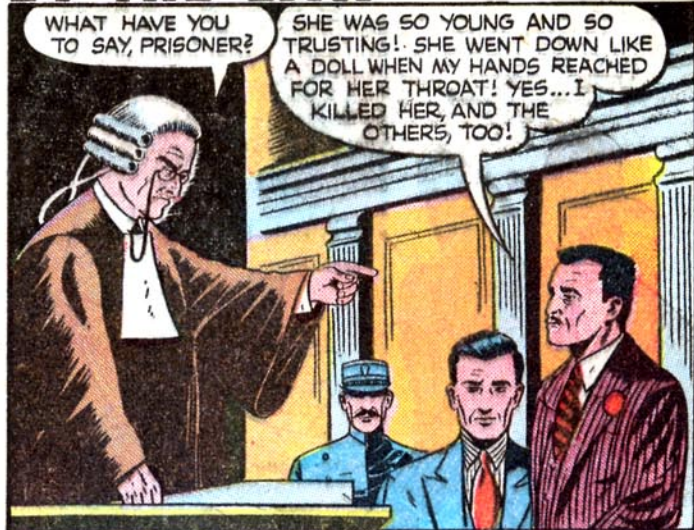


...I DUG AGAIN...AND I FOUND...

THE FINAL
ANSWER!



OBEDY THE LAW



the end

ON THE LEVEL

by JOE CERTA



POLICEMEN IN CLEVELAND ARE FOND OF CHILDREN. TWO OFFICERS STOPPED A MATRON PUSHING A CARRIAGE DOWN THE STREET. "MIND IF WE TAKE A PEEK AT THE LITTLE TYKE?" THE POLICEMEN INQUIRED. INSIDE THE PERAMBULATOR THE OFFICERS UNCOVERED FIFTY ROUNDS OF MEAT, JUST REPORTED STOLEN FROM A STORE NEARBY.



AN AURORA, ILLINOIS, TAVERN KEEPER FOUND IT TOO LONELY AT NIGHT AFTER CLOSING TIME, SO HE GOT HIMSELF A WATCHDOG. BURGLARS BROKE INTO HIS PLACE, EMPTIED THE STILL, PICKED UP TEN BOTTLES OF WHISKEY AND—YEP, YOU'VE GUESSED IT—THE WATCHDOG!



A PARK POLICEMAN IN DETROIT WAS INTRIGUED BY THE SIGHT OF A PAIR OF FEET PROTRUDING FROM A HOLLOW TREE. HE YANKED AND OUT CAME A MAN—FAST ASLEEP! TWO MEN HAD ROBBED HIM OF \$25, THE MAN EXPLAINED, AND THEN STUFFED HIM HEAD FIRST INTO THE TREE. WORN OUT ATTEMPTING TO EXTRICATE HIMSELF, HE HAD FALLEN ASLEEP!

ADVICE TO COMIC READERS FOR BAD SKIN

Stop Worrying Now About Pimples, Blackheads
And Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles
JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

By *Betty Memphis*



Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born just like you with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life — dates, romance, popularity, social and business success — only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours — take my word for it! — no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become in-

fecting and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unbeautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.



The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an antiseptic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too — in fact, your money will be refunded

if it doesn't. Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. CP, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it! — the treatment must work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.



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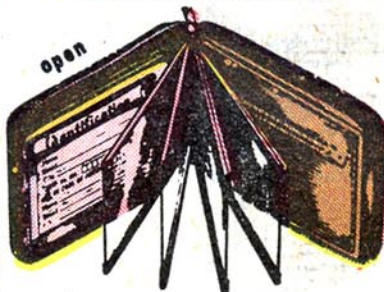
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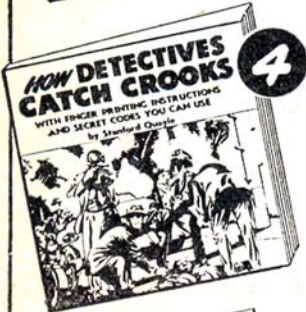
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